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THE PROGRESS AND CURE OF ENNUJ.

"I AM certainly the most miserable dog in existence," said Edward Trelawney, rising from a sumptuous breakfast-table where he had lounged away two hours for pure want of better employment. The person who uttered this despairing ejaculation was well-born, well-looking, young, rich, and his own master, and yet his assertion was indisputably correct. He exhibited one of the numerous instances that may be found in this country, of men who, with all possible means of happiness in their power, very ingeniously contrive to escape them all.

An only child and heir to a princely fortune, Trelawney found himself a constant object of solicitude to a doting mother, to three maiden aunts, and an artful nurse, for the first eight years of his life, when his mama suddenly discovered, that in spite of all her cares, her darling boy had become very rude and tiresome, and his papa, pronouncing his heir in a fair way to become one of the "completest whelps in existence," took his education on himself. He set to work, therefore, with great zeal, in the hope of threshing out all the tares which had been so carefully planted by the aforesaid tender nurses; but the threshing system not answering, and Mr. Trelawney the elder being much too impatient to try any other, he decided that his offspring was an incorrigible dog, fit for nothing but a public school. Every one knows what a bed of

roses a school of that description is to a spoiled urchin, unused to contradiction and pampered into selfishness by unbounded indulgence. Trelawney had not been there a week before he had been engaged in half a dozen rows, and had fought as many pitch battles with boys as big again as himself, not to speak of hourly skirmishes with fellows who quizzed the "new boy."—Having an abundance of spirit and no slackness in showing it, he speedily fought his way through all obstacles; became first a spirited, then a dandy school-boy, and afterwards a dashing Oxonian, until, from the grub state of a spoiled child, he was launched on the town a butterfly in full pride of wing, a young heir just of age. After running the usual career, getting into parliament and into debt, making bets and making love, and being egregiously gulled in both, it came into his head one morning to do a *bit of moral* in the way of an examination of his past life. Finding that his mode of life was neither agreeable at present nor honorable in retrospect, that he had sacrificed every higher aim in pursuit of pleasure, and yet never met with that lady since he was born, he came to the satisfactory conclusion mentioned at the beginning of this article, and decided that he, the heir of the Trelawneys, was not only a very miserable, but a very contemptible fellow, since, while he enjoyed the means of benefiting mankind so largely, five and

twenty years of his life had slipped away without his having performed a single action either useful to himself or beneficial to others. The result of this was a full determination to reform, and, as a preliminary step, to marry. As soon as this resolution was made known, it was astonishing to see the lively interest taken in his usual welfare by some of his female friends, especially those who were blessed with offspring: so desirous were they to evince their approbation of his conduct, that more than one tender mother gave him to understand she was willing to bestow on him one of her own beloved daughters in testimony of her regard. Such is the perverseness of mankind, that Trelawney did not receive these intimations with all the gratitude which they deserved; and, after enduring, for a whole season, a regular siege from all the match-making mothers and establishment-hunting misses in town, he was about to quit London in violent disgust at the heartless manœuvring of which he found himself, or rather his estates, the object, when he was fascinated one night at the Opera-house by a pair of the loveliest blue eyes in the world. The face which they irradiated was too softly blushing for a regular "Almack's girl;" and, on due inquiry, he discovered the possessor to be the daughter of a nobleman who had more high blood than wealth, and more pride than either. As was said of another great man, his lordship hated the court because he had there a superior, and the country because he had there no equal; nevertheless, as from that very circumstance he was the more likely to have his dignity acknowledged, he generally resided in the country, where, except on those days when it had invariably been the custom of the family to admit the gentry of the country to worship the golden image which George the king had set up, his lordship reposed under the shadow of his ermined mantle, and occupied himself in preserving the blood of his noble family from being

contaminated by the levelling spirit of the age. His daughter had been recently introduced, and there was something in her so new, so naïf, so touching, that Trelawney seemed to feel himself desperately in love with her. For a whole winter he played the enamorado in a capital style: at the ball or the opera, riding, walking, or driving, he was, as often as decorum would admit, the constant attendant of the lady Matilda; and certainly, if faith was to be placed in timid downcast eyes, and in cheeks that blushed most brightly at his approach, he had no reason to complain of his reception. In short, he had gotten rid of his understanding, and was soaring into a kind of fool's paradise with laudable alacrity, when chance threw in his way an old schoolfellow, who, by the death of intervening relatives, had become the next heir to a dukedom. This gentleman had neither the spirit, the generosity, nor the personal advantages of Trelawney: on the contrary, he was incontestably the ugliest man in the peerage, and approached very nearly to what has been called a man of *five quarters*—that is, three parts mad and half foolish; but he was not the less "noble and puissant" in expectancy on that account. He too admired and wooed the fair Matilda; and, as a matter of course, the lady jilted the commoner and married the peer. In the first hurricane of his wrath, Trelawney breathed nothing but destruction, and only hesitated whether he should blow out his rival's brains or his own. Luckily for both, his pride, of which he had a double portion, came to his aid, and whispered that any *eclat* was more likely to swell the lady's vanity than to make an impression on her heart, so he contented himself with sending to her ladyship a letter of civil congratulation, and going to every party, where he was sure of meeting her, to prove his just sense of her conduct, and then set off for Paris. In a very short time he began to think himself no great loser. Matilda had rather dazzled his senses

than touched his heart, and he had a heart, though he scarcely knew it, capable of deepest and truest affections. Cursed from his infancy with every granted prayer, he had yet to learn the priceless worth of genuine love, both as a medium of happiness and as an incentive to honorable fame. In default of such a feeling, the very demon of ennui seemed to have taken possession of his soul. Paris was a more irksome abode than London. He yawned at the opera, fell asleep at the play, shunned the ambassador's dinners, and eschewed his lady's *soirées*. He did not like the women (with very few exceptions), detested the men (with fewer still); and, in fine, for want of something else to do, procured an introduction to some leading members of the chambers of deputies, and plunged into politics. For a while this supplied excitement, and consequently amusement; but one morning, after a night spent in a mixed company, where he had amused himself *à l'Angloise* with a violent philippic against all governments, past, present, and to come, more especially his own and the French, he was favoured, *à la Francoise*, with an order to quit Paris in four and twenty hours. He obeyed with great *sang-froid*, telling his acquaintance it was the only agreeable sort of thing he had met with in the French capital.

Having heard a glowing account of Spain from a friend, Trelawney now resolved to visit that romantic country; and to escape the raillery which his late adventure might produce, he stayed no longer in England than was necessary to furnish himself with passports, and secure a passage in a vessel bound for Cadiz. The first thing which roused him from the state of yawning listlessness that had taken possession of his soul, was the approach to the magnificent harbour of Cadiz. As the vessel swept majestically through the waves, and the white pinnacles of the houses rose to view, now glittering in the sunshine against the deep-blue sky,

now melting airily in the distance, the prospect so far conquered his high-bred apathy, as to draw from him expressions of admiration. The enchantment, however, vanished on a nearer approach. The moment the vessel neared the quay, numbers of Gallegos rushed up to the middle in water to seize the passengers and their luggage by main force, and it required all Trelawney's authority to prevent a regular battle between these worthies and the English servant he had brought with him. As John was unused to travelling, and his master felt no particular confidence in his discretion, he ordered him to keep close behind, nor did the caution prove by any means unnecessary. As they crossed the great square where the market is held, a priest who had been attending a sick person issued from a house with his attendants, bearing the host. At the well-known tinkle of the bell, the oaths, wrangling, and vociferation of the market-people ceased in a moment, and fell upon their knees. Trelawney stepped aside, and uncovered his head; but John, having the honor and glory of the protestant religion more at heart, placed himself in the very centre of the path with his arms a-kimbo, and his hat as firmly fixed to his head as if it had been glued on, in defiance of all his master's previous lectures. A threatening glance from the master compelled the servant to remove his hat, which he did with the grace and alacrity of a young bear; but his demeanor was so little to the taste of the peasants, that they began to assemble round both the strangers, swearing in their deep guttural tones, with looks and gestures so expressive of resentment, that Trelawney became seriously alarmed. Luckily for him an English merchant, to whom he was personally known, happened to be passing at the time: a single glance at the scene explained the affair. With some difficulty, by the aid of his representations and Trelawney's gold, the merchant succeeded in

compromising the business, and conveyed his countrymen to his house ; but his admission of the inconvenience that might arise from so untoward an accident, induced Trelawney to forego his intention of spending some weeks at Cadiz, and set out directly for St. Lucar, on his way to Seville, where he had introductions to several families of distinction. As he travelled in his own carriage, and never suffered John to be out of his sight that worthy person contrived to keep clear of a row until they reached St. Lucar, where they were obliged to wait a day or two for the passage-boat. One morning Trelawney was disturbed by an outrageous noise, which, upon enquiry, was found to proceed from the kitchen, where John was engaged in a contest with the innkeeper. Some words which had fallen from the latter, expressive of scorn for the heretic English, had aroused his national pride ; not that he understood a syllable of the offensive terms ; but the language of contempt is sufficiently intelligible even to foreigners ; and not being able to command Spanish enough to return his adversary's compliment in kind, he had recourse to the only argument in his power—he knocked him down. The affray might have terminated fatally ; for the innkeeper, finding himself completely foiled by his scientific antagonist, was feeling for his knife, when the prompt and stern interference of Trelawney put a stop to the *fracas*,—not however before the uproar had brought every person in the inn to the spot, and, among them, two ladies who were also on their way to Seville. Both wore the eternal *mantilla* of black silk fringed with lace, crossed over the face in such a manner as entirely to conceal the features. This kind of dress renders it difficult for a stranger to guess a woman's age or rank ; but the deference which was shown to them by the innkeeper, convinced Trelawney that they were above the vulgar ; and the airy elegance with which one of those fair *Tapadas* (as

women so attired are called) flitted by, told him that she at least was young. With the graceful ease of a well-bred man, Trelawney instantly approached to apologise for the disturbance which his servant had created, requesting permission to attend them back to their apartment. The elder lady replied with easy politeness ; the younger did not speak ; but he could see that she had the prettiest fairy foot in the world, and he longed exceedingly to discover whether her face was worthy of it. The provoking mantilla, however, at once piqued and baffled his curiosity ; even on taking leave of him in her own apartment, it was only so far removed as to afford a momentary glance from her eyes, which made an atmosphere of light around ; eyes that haunted his memory all night, and tasked his imagination to fancy other features of equal beauty. When he recollected Matilda, he resolved never again to suffer his reason to be deluded by his senses ; yet as common politeness required that he should pay his respects to these ladies in the morning, he *Adonised* with unusual care, and sent for the innkeeper to be the bearer of a message. To his infinite mortification he was told that they were gone. Now the worthy Spanish Boniface was not altogether so accurate in his information as might have been expected from so respectable a personage ; for the ladies were not gone, only going, and, on hearing that the young Englishman waited for the exclusive use of a vessel to avoid the common passage-boat, they very civilly sent him by the landlord an offer of accommodation on board of their own.—The innkeeper, wisely considering that it could do the wealthy Englishman no harm and himself much good, if his departure should be delayed for a day or two, suppressed this message, and fabricated such an answer as he thought proper. It happened unfortunately for the success of his praise-worthy scheme, that his wife had also heard the offer of the ladies, and, having received

some affront from her consort, went immediately to tell the English gentleman all she knew. Incensed at being thus duped, and dreading, from the fellow's impertinence, a disappointment of his fond hopes, Trelawney instantly ordered him into his presence, and, after sharply re-proving his presumption in thus making use of his name, paid him, and quitted the house in a towering passion. In half an hour more he was floating down the Guadalquivir with a motley groupe of persons of all descriptions, who were amusing themselves with much noise and little ceremony, while he stood apart, wrapped up in national sulkiness, and did not open his lips except to wish his boisterous companions at the devil.

Don Felipe Saavedra, the gentleman to whom Trelawney's first visit was paid, had spent much of his earlier life in London, where he had been in the train of the Spanish ambassador. Being a man of talents and letters, he looked back to that time as the happiest of his life, and did not attempt to conceal his astonishment when Trelawney hinted his intention of remaining a considerable time in Spain. "You English," said he smiling, "are as much heretics in political as in religious faith. You will not appreciate the blessings of your own free country before you have compared it with others. Since you have paid unhappy Spain the compliment of visiting her, I must do the honors in the best way I can, and I know no better than to introduce you to my sister's *tertulia* this evening, where you will meet the best society which this city affords. She has not long returned from Toledo, where she went to fetch the orphan niece of her late husband." Trelawney's heart beat more quickly at this speech, and at a certain recollection that flitted across him, and he waited impatiently for the evening. As it was the midst of summer, the *tertulias* took place in the *Patio* or square, round which in the Andalusian fashion the houses were

built. That of Donna Juana was attended by all the beauty and fashion of Seville, and the *Patio*, seen from the street by the lamps hung from the outer door to its extremity, with the waters of a beautiful *jet d'eau* sparkling in the centre, presented a spectacle sufficiently gay and novel to have pleased Trelawney, if he had found leisure to look at it; but the moment he entered, his eyes were attracted by two shining orbs which glanced at him from behind a cluster of roses, and then disappeared. As he had suspected, the elder *tapada* and Donna Juana proved to be one and the same person: she expressed her pleasure at meeting him again in animated terms, and hoped to assist in making Seville agreeable to him while he stayed; but to all these civilities, it must be confessed, Trelawney was scandalously inattentive, until the lady mentioned her niece. "Where are you, Estrella?" cried she; and the young lady was obliged to come out of her hiding-place. Divine *Estrella*! rightly was thou so named; for from that moment thou didst become the *day-star* of Trelawney's hopes. Her face was the very *beau ideal* of Spanish loveliness; her cheeks and brow were moulded in exquisite symmetry, and softly touched with the rich tints of the glowing south; her lips were like a parted rosebud just showing the pearls within; and the liquid brilliancy of her eyes would have been almost overpowering, but for the shadow of the longest, thickest black eye-lashes in the world. Don Felipe and his sister said a number of obliging things, and many a dark and sparkling eye flashed approbation on the fine features and commanding figure of the Englishman; but he neither heard nor saw any thing except Estrella. Her figure, "full circling yet as floating fairies light," swam in all its soft grace before his dazzled sight, long after the dispersion of the company had sent him to his uncomfortable apartments at the *Fonda*, deficient in all the conven-

iences to be met with in every third or fourth-rate hotel in England.

"Spain is a charming country, and the Spaniards are very charming people in spite of their confounded government," said Trelawney to himself, with one solitary little Spaniard in his eye and heart, as he fell asleep; and charming people he continued to think them when he discovered, that, after being once introduced at a lady's assembly, no farther invitation was necessary to entitle him to go as often as he chose; a permission of which he did not fail to make use. Donna Juana seldom went out; but her house was open every evening, and he was a constant visitant. He found on a nearer acquaintance, that the Spanish ladies were in general lamentably deficient in the numerous acquirements which are familiar to the English and French ladies, and, in the case of Estrella, there was no exception from the rule; but, after being "talked and sung and played to death" in the fashionable circles of London and Paris, he was inclined to consider her ignorance as one of her *agréments*; certainly it was no drawback from her charms, that she looked up to him with the frank and innocent admiration which a child bestows on its instructor. Having been brought up by her mother and her confessor in a salutary horror of all heretics, she seemed to think of him as a sort of tame monster, against whom it behoved her to be on her guard, as his natural ferocity might occasionally break out; and she busied herself with her flowers or needlework whenever he approached; then she kept her place by her aunt's chair even when he placed himself on the same side; then she began to listen with interest to the frequent discussions between Don Felipe and Trelawney on the subjects usually spoken of in cultivated society, and lastly to consider the conversation of every other person as insipid in comparison, and the day that did not bring the Englishman to her side as the most tedious

she had ever spent in her life. To say the truth, these days were of very rare occurrence; for Trelawney, after witnessing some of the church ceremonies which form the chief amusements of Seville, and seeing the *trial* of the bulls, the *shutting-in* preparatory to the fight, and one regular bull-fight, had enjoyed quite enough of public diversions, and was therefore induced to pass his mornings chiefly with Don Felipe, who was delighted with a companion to whom he might open his mind without fear of the Inquisition; and in the afternoon (the orthodox time for calling on an acquaintance) he regularly bent his steps five days in the week to Donna Juana's house, to give her niece a lesson in English.

In the constant and familiar intercourse thus carried on, a new world seemed to open on both—a world of passion and feeling hitherto unknown to either. To Trelawney the throng of delightful sensations that filled his bosom when Estrella spoke to or looked at him, formed a source of unmixed pleasure; for while, with a thrill of transport caused by a thousand fondly-remembered trifles, unheeded by all but a lover's eye, hope whispered that he was not indifferent to her, he knew it was in his power to make the treasure his own. Estrella's infant passion grew unconsciously to herself, and brought with it as much of fear as of hope; all she had heard of England or English people, of their pride in themselves, and cold contempt of other nations, their superiority in arts and arms, seemed to her to be confirmed by Trelawney's whole speech and bearing, in spite of his polished manners and lover-like devotion to herself. With the timidity natural to her sex and years, she could not persuade herself to believe that the man who had beheld unmoved so many of his own fair and gifted countrywomen, sought any thing beyond a passing amusement in the pains he took to enlarge and inform her mind, or that once separated from her, he would bestow

another thought on a being who felt or fancied herself so much his inferior. Under such a persuasion her delicacy took alarm at the raillery of her companions on the cause of his frequent visits, and imperceptibly communicated, when she was in his society, a restraint to her manner which first alarmed and grieved him, then offended and finally banished him four whole days from the house in a fit of heroic sulkiness. On the fifth, while he was debating with himself whether he should abate of his dignity and attend Donna Juana's tertulia that evening, he was joined by an acquaintance, who proposed a promenade on the Alamedas. Trelawney assented, and they strolled on the walk next to the river. The Alamedas are public walks planted with elms and poplars, and furnished with seats and fountains, frequented by persons of all ranks and ages. Among the varied groupes of priests, officers in uniform, veiled ladies, and water-carriers, keeping up a lively and not unpleasing sound, by clattering the large drinking-glasses they carried to fill at the fountains for the use of the company, Trelawney's eye quickly discerned Estrella, seated on a bench with a party of ladies. As he approached to address her, the young lady, either by accident or design, turned her head in an opposite direction. More hurt than he chose to acknowledge, he passed as though he saw her not; and, sitting down as near her party as possible, began to "pluck the hen-turkey" (*pelar la pava*) in the extraordinary phrase of the country; that is, to carry on a whispering flirtation with the next lady. The fair one happening to be pretty and witty, he was soon animated to unusual exertion by her raillery and piquant remarks, and the conversation was kept up with abundant spirit on both sides, until, in the midst of compliment, badinage, and gallantry, he thought he heard a low faint sigh near him. Could it be Estrella who felt herself wounded by his neglect? His heart throbbed with mingled

pain and pleasure at the thought: he turned as if by chance to affect a sudden recognition, when Estrella hastily rose, and, saying she was tired, quitted the place with her friends. He was not long in following, execrating his own unfeeling and contemptible conduct as he went, and resolved to draw from her own lips an explanation of her altered demeanor, that very evening, by an avowal of the agony which it caused. He was, however, disappointed: on presenting himself at Donna Juana's house, he learned that she had been indisposed for two days and saw no company; it was the same for another and another, and two or three notes which he had addressed to her and Estrella, remained unanswered. He knew that, when the illness was not very serious, it was common in Spain for a lady to admit her friends to make their inquiries at her bedside, and therefore felt his heart sink within him at this ominous exclusion. In an agony of self-reproach he flew to Don Felipe, and was confounded at the intelligence which he received. An infectious fever had made its appearance in the suburbs, to which the Spanish authorities with their accustomed sagacity had paid no attention, until it had spread itself into the city; and then, instead of taking any proper precaution by confining the sick to hospitals, they had adopting the method of a grand procession to the cathedral and the exposure of some reliques. Don Felipe concluded his account by requesting Trelawney to accompany him without delay to his country-house about twelve miles from Seville, whither he meant to remove on that very day. "And Donna Juana," said Trelawney, scarcely able to speak. "Juana," said her brother, "has so much faith in the wood of the true cross, which the worthy fathers exhibited the other day at the cathedral, that she will not stir: she and poor Estrella must take their chance—there is a chance, provided they continue to keep at home and ex-

clude all visitors." Trelawney waited no longer, but immediately hastened to pay a visit to Juana, only stopping at his lodgings to order his travelling carriage to be in readiness at a minute's notice. Without listening to the servants who would have refused him admittance, he put them aside, and presented himself before the ladies in the square.—"*Madre de Dios!*" cried Donna Juana. "Mr. Trelawney!" said Estrella, starting up pale as death—"What madness to be here! I had hoped—I mean I thought that you had left Seville with Don Felipe."—"Left it while *you* remained! Ah, Estrella! am I so little known to you?" said Trelawney in a passionate whisper. Estrella sank down in her seat, covered with blushes. Trelawney turned to her aunt, and made a speech worthy of a doctor of divinity; in which he proved that the efficacy of the *lignum crucis* might be felt as well at Alcala as at Seville, and that her flight, far from indicating any want of faith in the relique, was only a proof of her Christian humility in considering herself unworthy of the peculiar protection of Heaven. The good lady, whose heart began to fail her at the accounts she heard of the progress of the disorder, listened with profound attention to the young casuist, wondered internally that a heretic should talk so like her director, and finally agreed to leave Seville that very evening. Don Felipe received the fugitives with some surprise and more pleasure, congratulating Trelawney on the success of his rhetoric, and thanking him for the interest which he took in his sister's welfare with an ironical gravity, and a glance that brought the blood to Estrella's lovely face, and crimsoned that of Trelawney with a corresponding hue. The country-house of Don Felipe was of very ancient date, built in the Moorish taste with spacious courts and marble fountains, buried deep in groves of orange-trees and of myrtles, and backed by woods of ilex, and rocky mountains,

from whose bases clear rills gushed out, and in whose clefts large clusters of roses and lilies reared their blushing and silvery heads in bright contrast. It was a place "for whispering lovers made"—a spot where even Donna Juana might have laid down her rosary for a *billet-doux*, if such a thing had fallen in her way. Don Felipe, who had considerable property in the neighbourhood, and was a member of an association which enjoyed the privilege of giving bull-fights to the Sevillians, was much engaged; consequently Estrella was at liberty to pursue her English studies with less interruption than in the city. But her thirst for knowledge seemed to have deserted her; she was always either going to church, or to read to her aunt, or to work, whenever Trelawney offered to give her a lesson in the absence of her aunt or of Don Felipe. One evening, when he met her alone in the garden, after she had alleged these excuses and a variety of others, the young Englishman, in a tone of pique, accused her of fickleness in ceasing to consider his language worth the trouble of acquiring. "No," said Estrella; "I think of it as I always did; but, in words which you frequently quote, I am 'not in the vein to-night.'" "Then I am," rejoined Trelawney, throwing himself on the ground beside her; "give me a lesson in Spanish."—"You speak it perfectly well already."—"On the contrary," said Trelawney quickly, "I must speak it very ill, since I have failed to make myself understood where I most wished to be intelligible."

A pause ensued, during which Estrella very industriously tried to count the leaves of a rose that she held in her hand; then bending her head so that her profusion of sable ringlets fell over and shadowed her face, she said, in as careless a tone as she could assume, "Donna Men-cia thinks differently perhaps."—"I do not know the lady."—"No?" said Estrella, raising her brilliant eyes for a moment to his face; "I

had a better opinion of Mr. Trelawney than to suppose he would fail to cultivate an acquaintance so happily begun."—"What do you mean, Donna Estrella?" said Trelawney impatiently, utterly forgetful of his flirtation on the Alamedas.—"Oh, ungrateful man," cried Estrella playfully, evading an explanation, from an unwillingness to confess that not a syllable then spoken had escaped her ear; "you English are the most inconstant people in the world;" and she fled from him or would have fled, had not he gently detained her by the hand, and asked her, in a tone half tender and half reproachful, whether her heart really sanctioned the reproof which her lips had uttered. Estrella made no reply, but, with kindling and averted cheek, endeavoured to disengage her slender fingers from Trelawney's grasp, not so decidedly, however, as to evince great displeasure, or to prevent him from pouring out every feeling of his soul at her feet, from expressing its hopes, its fears, its wishes, from urging her, if his suit

should not be entirely disdained, to bless him with a single word. What that word was, or whether the lady did pronounce it, does not appear. The only fact is, that Donna Juana waited a long time before Trelawney came to play a game at chess with her, as he had promised, and, when he did, his mistakes were so numerous, that Don Felipe, who was looking on, lost all patience, and, in mere compassion to his sister, took Trelawney's place, sending him to turn over the leaves of Estrella's music-book.

A few months after, to the astonishment of all his old acquaintance, Trelawney made his appearance at the opera-house, accompanied by a very young and lovely woman; and (what was still worse) in defiance of the lady Matilda's prophecy that "the poor fellow never would marry, or, if he did, would be the most wretched creature breathing," he was not only a husband, but every tone, look, and gesture, proclaimed him the happiest husband breathing.

JOANNA.*

*"It is but dust thou look'st upon. This love,
This wild and passionate idolatry,
What doth it in the shadow of the grave?
Gather it back within thy lonely heart,
So must it ever end. Too much we give
Unto the things that perish."*

THE night-wind shook the tapestry round an ancient palace-room,
And torches, as it rose and fell, waved through the gorgeous gloom,
And o'er a shadowy regal couch threw fitful gleams and red,
Where a Woman with long raven hair sat watching by the dead,

Pale gleam'd the features of the Dead, yet glorious still to see,
Like a hunter or a chief struck down while his heart and step were free;
No shroud he wore, no robe of death, but there majestic lay,
Proudly and sadly glittering in Royalty's array.

But she that with the dark hair watch'd by the cold slumberer's side,
On her wan cheek no beauty dwelt, and in her garb no pride;
Only her full impassion'd eyes as o'er that clay she bent,
A wildness and a tenderness in strange resplendence blent.

And as the swift thoughts cross'd her soul, like shadows of a cloud,
Amidst the silent room of Death, the Dreamer spoke aloud;
She spoke to him who could not hear, and cried "Thou yet wilt wake,
And learn my watchings and my tears, beloved one! for thy sake.

* Mother of the Emperor Charles V. Upon the death of her husband, Philip the Handsome, of Austria, who had treated her with uniform neglect, she had his body laid upon a bed of state, in a magnificent dress; and being possessed with the idea that it would revive, watched it for a length of time almost incessantly, waiting for the moment of returning life.

"They told me this was death—but well I knew it could not be;
 Fairest and stateliest of the earth! who spoke of death for thee?
 They would have wrapped the funeral shroud thy gallant form around,
 But I forbade—and there thou art, as a monarch robed and crown'd!

"With all thy bright locks gleaming still, their coronal beneath,
 And thy brow so proudly beautiful—who said that this was death?
 Silence hath been upon thy lips, and stillness round thee long;
 But the hopeful spirit in my breast is all undimm'd and strong,

"I know thou hast not loved me yet: I am not fair like thee,
 The very glance of whose clear eye threw round a light of glee!
 A frail and drooping form is mine—a cold unsmiling cheek—
 Oh! I have but a woman's heart, wherewith thy heart to seek.

"But when thou wak'st, my Prince, my Lord! and hear'st how I have kept
 A lonely vigil by thy side, and o'er thee prayed and wept;
 How in one long deep dream of thee my days and nights have past,
 Surely that humble, patient love, must win back love at last!

"And thou wilt smile—my own, my own, shall be the sunny smile,
 Which brightly fell, and joyously, on all but me erewhile!
 No more in vain affection's thirst my weary soul shall pine.
 Oh! years of hope deferr'd were paid by one fond glance of thine!

"Thou'lt meet me with that radiant look, when thou comest from the chase;
 For me, for me, in festal halls it shall kindle o'er thy face!
 Thou'lt reek no more though Beauty's gift mine aspect may not bless;
 In thy kind eyes this deep, deep love, shall give me loveliness.

"But wake! my heart within me burns, yet once more to rejoice
 In the sound to which it ever leap'd, the music of thy voice:
 Awake! I sit in solitude, that thy first look and tone,
 And the gladness of thine opening eyes may all be mine alone!"

In the still chamber of the dust, thus pour'd forth day by day,
 The passion of that loving dream from a troubled soul found way,
 Until the shadows of the grave had swept o'er every grace,
 Left 'midst the awfulness of Death on the princely form and face;

And slowly broke the fearful truth upon the Watcher's breast,
 And they bore away the Royal Dead with requiems to his rest,
 With banners and with knightly plumes all waving in the wind—
 But a Woman's broken heart was left, in its lone despair, behind.

MASTERS AND SERVANTS.

—“All friends shall taste
 The wages of their virtue, and all foes
 The cup of their deservings.”

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN objects are brought too near the eye, we cannot distinguish their just proportions: which I apprehend to be eminently the case with regard to the moral view which we generally take of our servants. From our earliest infancy we are so much accustomed to consider them relatively to their and our respective situations, in that sophisticated convention termed the social system, that we almost lose the power of contemplating them in the abstract as fellow-creatures, en-

titled to the same rights as ourselves according to the primitive constitution, and original intentions of nature. Many of us have found foster-mothers among that class which we are pleased to term menial; some of us, however, unconsciously, may be indebted to it for an actual, though not an ostensible paternity; all of us are more or less dependent upon it for our daily comforts; and yet there are not a few who look down upon it as an inferior race, expressly created, like the beasts of burthen, that

they may perform the drudgery of the upper classes. So deeply is this notion inwoven with the texture of their minds, that men who can divest other matters of their accidents, and look at them elementally, are never startled at the strange anomaly presented by the daily life of a servant. It appears to them part of the established order of nature that beings, often more worthily gifted, both mentally and corporeally, than their masters, should be brought into the world for the use and abuse of an individual whose whole talent is in his pockets; that they should perpetually stand between such a creature and his fastidious wants, render his limbs and faculties almost useless by taking upon themselves the performance of their respective functions; obey his commands by night and day, however capricious and fantastical; brave the stormy elements in his service while he is either ensconced by the fire-side, or lolling in his chariot; stand in his presence prepared to render him a silent obedience; and be summoned hastily into it whenever he thinks proper to pull a tassel that is kept suspended by his elbow; or sound a tinkling hemisphere of metal that lies ready upon the table to solicit his listless idleness. This is a strange relationship for one fellow-creature to bear to another; but it is near and familiar, and therefore it excites no wonder. The black slave-trade is placed at such a distance that we can deliberately measure the enormous injustice of the disproportion it establishes between man and man: the white traffic of the same sort is so immediately beneath our noses, that we can neither take its altitude, nor even recognise its proper features.

Instead of endeavouring to remedy the abuse constantly emanating from this moral blindness, there is a set of ladies and gentlemen, (we beg we may not be called upon to prove their title,) who seem to take a pleasure in vilipending domestics of every sex and station, ignorant that a general

condemnation of their servants is but a particular inculpation of themselves. "Please you, my lord," said a certain Cornish jurymen to the judge, "you have shut me up with eleven such obstinate fellows that I can't bring one of them to my way of thinking." The gentry to whom we have been alluding are equally unfortunate in their animals. Some of them will indignantly dilate upon the exorbitant wages demanded. They admit the man's character was excellent, and he seemed expressly fitted for the place, but as to giving the additional guinea,—they are determined to set their faces against it altogether; and then they commence a new diatribe against the exactions attempted by the lower orders. "What horrid extortioners are the Yorkshire clowns!" exclaimed an old miser. "I tumbled into a well as I was travelling, and calling to a rustic, offered him half-a-crown to draw me up: he demanded three shillings, and would you believe it? the fellow kept haggling with me till I was almost at the last gasp before he would come into my terms."—O what sordid wretches are the boors in Yorkshire, and the servants everywhere!

To a declaimer of this sort, his domestics are the greatest plagues and torments upon earth,—except the still greater plague and torment—of being without them; so dependent is he upon his dependents, so completely is he in practice, what the Pope calls himself in theory,—the servant of servants. He who is the slave of his wants has a great many masters, and is the most servile when he fancies himself the most magisterial. "What!" said an ancient philosopher, when he was recommended to advertise a reward for his runaway slave, "what! shall I pay him the compliment of confessing that he can do better without me, than I without him?" This is not the feeling of the modern vituperator, who diserts complacently upon the splendid liveries and luxurious fare which he lavishes upon his

servants, and then accuses them of ingratitude, as if in his charitable vanity he pampered them from affection instead of pride, from love of them rather than of himself. His egotism is too great to be confined to his own person; it must be reflected from those around him. Selfishness is never so badly disguised as when it assumes the garb of *other-selfishness*. This sort of flimsy and hypocritical affectation is easily seen through. A man seeks nothing else by enlarging the number or heightening the splendour of his attendants than to extend and emblazon his own pride; for it will not be pretended that the positive wants of an individual are better supplied by fifty than by five. Additional servants, in fact, create instead of performing work: they wait upon one another instead of their master, and the "puny insect shivering at a breeze," who bears that title, is perhaps the most insignificant and worst attended personage in the whole establishment. "I have but this one rascal," said Palaprat to a grand almoner of France, who rebuked him for beating his servant, "I have but this one, and yet I am every bit as badly waited upon as you who have twenty."

The necessity of having a good character before they can obtain a new place, doubtless operates as a fine moral restraint upon servants. Would it could be applied to the masters also! How edifying to hear a self-dubbed gentleman, who is in the habit of being put to bed intoxicated, particularly inquiring, when he hires him, whether his valet be sober! The ancient Spartans made their slaves drunk, as a lesson to others against intemperance: some of our modern gentry reverse the process. How consistent to observe a second Corinthian of this stamp, who has just been cheating his friend in the sale of a horse, and who has long defrauded his tradesmen by leaving them unpaid, asking whether a footman be strictly honest! How instructive to hear a third inculcate the indispensableness of truth in a

servant, and then send him to the door to say that his master is not at home! Sir Balaam, when he left off going to church himself, most "duly sent his family and wife;" and some of his modern successors seem to hire people to practise all their morality. Their servants may be gainers by wearing the old habits of their master's body, but they would be sad losers by adopting those of his mind. There would not be much harm in this system of the givers of characters, who have very often none of their own, did they not too frequently pervert their power into a petty tyranny and oppression, and revenge themselves upon those whom they have maltreated while in their service, by slandering them because they chose to leave it. This mean and dirty malevolence has very properly been visited by heavy damages when brought before our tribunals; and it cannot be too often inculcated upon servants and their employers that the former have a remedy, and the latter a responsibility, by an appeal to the law. A felon was lately hung, who, after confessing numerous robberies and outrages, declared that he had only been driven to such evil courses by his mistress having refused him a character for some venial transgression. I envy her not her feelings, or rather her want of feeling, if the fellow spoke truth. There are vices in a domestic which it is an offence against society to suppress, just as there are peccadilloes which it is paltry and ignoble to blazon, where they may involve the subsistence, and perhaps the life, of a fellow-creature. Even in telling the truth, we should rather extenuate than aggravate.

If we did not know that those who are the most insolent to inferiors are generally the most abject to superiors, we might be surprised to find men of this stamp going down upon one knee to kiss the hand, or even the foot of a being whom they call their master, merely because he happens to be seated upon that sort of great stool with steps to it, which is

denominated a throne. Some of the vulgar of genteel life, who always address their servants as if they were speaking to their cattle, will not only put on a livery and shoulder-knot, which they attempt to disguise under the name of an uniform and an epaulette, but they will hire themselves out for paltry wages, to do the drudgery of a master, and even to hold life and limb at his absolute disposal, always approaching him with hat in hand, and receiving his harshest mandates with a soft and abject submission. Surely our nobility can never look down with disdain upon the performers of those menial offices to their own persons, which they themselves are eager to execute for another. Why should a queen's maids (of honour forsooth!) hold themselves to be more dignified than their own maids. A royal chamberlain is but the king's chambermaid, and his master of the horse is but a head groom. Indeed there seems to be a most exemplary humility among our highest classes, as if they actually courted the badges of servitude, as well as the menial titles and offices of the lowest. Thus one noble personage is clerk of the hanaper, a second holds an office in the royal kitchen, a third in the pantry, a fourth in the scullery, and a fifth in the cellar; while, independently of the noble chambermaids, we have august dames who figure as ladies of the wardrobe, as nurses, tire-women, and even as queen's laundresses and washerwomen, for all which duties they duly receive their wages, as any one may testify by a reference to the Red-book. Is this the "meanness that soars," or the "pride that licks the dust," or both?

So little are the French accustomed to be treated with harshness and arrogance by their superiors, that it is difficult for the English residents, who cannot divest themselves of their national habits, to procure, or at least to retain servants; while they frequently grow old in the service of the natives. It is customary

to hear the master of a French family address the man or maid by the term "*mon enfant*," or "*ma fille*," as if they were his children; indeed they are almost treated as such, and it is needless to add that kindness and confidence invariably beget fidelity and honesty. Our higher classes, who are so prone to copy the fashions of their neighbours, might beneficially imitate some portion of their affability to inferiors; or of their *condescension*, if that phrase be more agreeable to their high and fastidious mightinesses. Indeed our neighbors surpass us in more things than are dreamt of in our philosophy. If a superiority in colossal capitalists and luxurious equipages, in broad-cloth and cutlery, in steam-engines and spinning-jennies, be the first evidences of civilization, we may justly claim that distinction. But if it be conceded to that nation where there is the greatest security for life and property; where the mass of the population is not only better clad and provided, but incomparably more orderly, decorous and polite; where drunkenness is rare, cruelty to animals still more so, and where those compounds of rags, filth, misery, and gin, such as one encounters at every turn in London, are utterly unknown; where the commitments to prison for all offences are less, by nearly a half, than upon the same scale of population in England; where there are religious differences without a grain of animosity, and where the great bulk of the inhabitants are comfortable and happy, even to a proverbial gaiety—if these be the true tests and constituents of civilization, that Englishman must love his country better than truth who will not confess that she is woefully behindhand in a comparison with France. Let us patriotically set about rivalling her as fast as we can, and let each begin with that which is in every body's power—a greater affability of demeanour towards the lower orders. Collectively we make a point of abusing the Irish for their insubordi-

nation, while we individually vituperate servants for their misconduct of all sorts, without its ever entering into our heads that there may by possibility be such a thing as the misgovernment of an empire, or the mismanagement of a private establishment. We shall all have learnt a most happy and important lesson when we become convinced of this immutable truth—that kind and equitable rulers invariably produce obedient subjects, and that good masters just as certainly make good servants.

For my own part I have no ambition to become a voluntary cripple, and lose the use of the limbs and faculties which God has given me. I would as soon imitate the Chinese Mandarin, who suffers his nails to grow six inches long, as a proof that he never does any thing for himself. I cannot purchase the reputation of inutility at so dear a rate, nor sacrifice the use of my limbs for the chance of that ill-health and ill-humour which are almost invariably generated by self-inflicted helplessness. As to suffering a saucy fellow to take me by the nose for the purpose of shaving me, I would almost as soon allow him to tweak me by it in the way of defiance: and no prying valet de chambre shall discover that I am not a hero, for I will never endure the presence of such an animal in my dressing-room.

There are some, however, who absolutely place no limits to their arrogant helplessness, and the story of the old lady, who, when she was about to eat, called to John to come and wag her jaws, may not be altogether a fiction; for I have seen an able-bodied female pull the bell at her side, and order the man to pick up her pocket-handkerchief, which had fallen from the table! A woman like this should be sent to the tread-mill for offering such a wanton insult to a fellow-creature. It is sickening to hear such vulgar people of high life prate about their *inferiors*. Where will they find them? Treating them as such does not prove the fact. Men and horses may be kept freezing in the snow for hours beyond midnight, that their masters may finish another bottle, or begin another rubber; and maids may be condemned to pass a whole night without sleep that they may take a single pin out of their mistress's dress upon her return from a ball; but the folks who are guilty of such *leze humanité* are assuredly any thing but *gentle*, whatever may be their station; and I would rather be the sufferer than the perpetrator of such heartless arrogance. The fewer our servants, the fewer are the offences of this nature for which we have to answer.

ANECDOTE OF BUCKINGHAM.

RUPERT MAYLING is a name well known to English chronicles. About the era to which our history refers, its proprietor was a gentleman and a cavalier, who had retired to his paternal demesne a few months after the accession of the second Charles. The restored Stuart, too merry and light-hearted to endure the burden of meditating on unpaid and, perhaps, unpayable obligations, had a convenient facility of dismissing the opposing circumstances altogether from his memory.

Mayling was foolish enough to take disgust at this happy talent of the sprightly monarch, and to conceive a witless resentment at the little consideration with which himself, and others of similar condition, were passed over by the royal prodigal, as though neither estate nor limb had been endangered in his father's service: and yet many of them bore undecaying marks of toils endured, and rents forfeited. There was a sad lack of the complement of limbs naturally appertaining to their corps;

and, to confess the truth, the fine gold was tarnished on many a faded doublet. New favourites and new names engrossed the royal ear and bounty; and the brave Mayling "of that ilk," retired to the despoiled mansion of his forefathers, to live out his life just on the existing side of starvation.

At Mayling Castle there was a terrible reduction of the appointments befitting its magnitude and external pretensions. Indeed, if the truth must be told, the major part of its suites of apartments were consigned to the tenantry of those naturalised depredators, rats, mice, bats, and other *reptilia*. The cavalier and his daughter occupied five of the smaller rooms, all opening upon what had once been a noble gallery of pictures. Each had an appropriate nook, which modern language denominates a *boudoir*, if sometimes they should prefer—and who, with the power of hope and memory, has not occasionally preferred?—self-communings, and indulged day-dreams and Utopian creations, bright and beautiful enough to out-paradise Eden.

The cavalier, however, curtailed as his income was—the shadow of a shade—the fraction of a decimal—to speak comparatively—had preserved, in all its unimpaired luxuriance and vigour, and perhaps in stronger manifestations than prosperity would even have elicited, his pride of family. He stood the higher from every fresh shock of adversity, like a tree that shoots forth yet loftier branches, after braving the tempest. His small and faithful household served him with the exactest mimicry of his former state, and fostered, by their devotedness, his internal consciousness of hereditary greatness. More a sovereign than the master whose ingratitude he bore in haughty silence, he ruled with an unresisted sway the few attendants that lived in the shadow of his adversity. In his little realm there was but one rebel to his authority—one before whom he himself bowed with the utter

prostration of doting fondness. And then, that dominion was so sweet and graceful—the golden sceptre was so admirably wielded—its glitter delighted so much more frequently than its weight oppressed—that liberty itself might have fallen in love with bondage, and hugged the chains which were wreathed so prettily.

She was the loveliest of tyrants—that fair, noble, glorious creature, the proud and *piquante* Mistress Anabel. Her stature was fit for royalty; but its magnificence was softened by outlines so beautifully delicate, and limbs so exquisitely moulded—so elastic, so symmetrical. She had that rich brown complexion which poets and painters love to represent, deepening on the cheek into carnation richness. And her mouth—no matter for the dispute on the feature capable of the greatest expression—was the most musical-looking mouth in the world, with its full lips of ruby redness, and its saucy accompaniments of smiles and dimples. Her nose was almost aquiline—just sufficiently raised to give a shade of pride to her countenance. In short, why dwell thus on each separate feature? for neither pen nor pencil can faithfully portray the charm of that ever-varying animation, which rendered her the proudest, sweetest, tenderest, haughtiest, stateliest, most playful beauty in the universe.

So she grew up and flourished, amongst other fair flowers, beneath the shadow of the beautiful wilderness of Mayling Castle. Sometimes, peradventure, wondering whether aught brighter or sweeter lay beyond its precincts; but generally so occupied with her own intense consciousness of existence, and the occupations she made for herself in that world of legendary lore which constituted the ghost of her father's whilome library, that, to her imagination, the world insensibly shrunk to the small spot of territory visible to her senses, and endeared to her affections, as furnishing haunts for every whimsical creation of her wild fancy. She would not, she vowed, be other

than she was, for all the wealth of the new Spanish universe ; unless, indeed, she might be the sovereign of those golden realms, and bear unre-sisted sway over all they contained. The proud beauty knew submission but by name, and would have laugh-ed to scorn the luckless mortal who spoke of it as a thing befitting the whole race of womankind ; and therefore even that self-willed spirit which knew not, and brooked not, the gentlest control.

The bright and richly-gifted rose of Mayling was not long enforced to fling her sweetness on the heedless gale, or to exhibit her loveliness to her favourite and unappreciating fawn alone. It is true that the echoes of her father's halls were not awakened by those gay and gallant revellers who sunned themselves within the circle of the court ; but there were gentlemen of no mean name occasionally riding on the pub-lic side of the enclosure that skirted his whilome park, now converted into a pasture : and Anabel loved to mount her steed, the only thing she possessed of value suited to her birth ; and, followed by a squire, grown grey in her father's service, to aim at outstripping the wind ; gath-ering additional beauty and health and animation from the exercise. It was an attractive sight to look upon the grace and courage of that fair creature,—the sparkle of her eye—the warm bloom of her cheek—the firm compression of her lips, and the pretty anger that sometimes added to the energy of her expression, as she excited her steed to feats which try the mettle of the most practised rider. Her brave leap over the park-gate brought her, for the first time, within the view of Sir Philip Trevor ; and if afterwards accident sometimes renewed their meeting there, it was but the threading of those intricate mazes, through which man and woman are led by an in-visible hand, to take the *role* allotted to each in this great drama of hu-man life.

Sir Philip had the rare good for-

tune to preserve his fidelity to his sovereign unimpeached, and his pa-ternal estate at the same time unin-jured. He was neither mean nor prodigal ; he lived as became his high rank, but he wasted nothing on vices from which his principles pre-served him. He had a noble man-sion and a stately retinue—an unsul-lied name, and an irreproachable life. His figure was agreeable, his address a courtier's. What wonder then at forty, wooing the fair, por-tionless Anabel, her father's smile bade him be a thriving suitor, and so win her !

The maiden *was* won : and start-ing at once from the shades and pri-vations of her paternal roof, into the broad glare of almost illimitable wealth and splendour, is it to be marvelled that she was sometimes dazzled with the brightness of her undarkened lot ?

Her beauty was of that regal char-acter, which seems to receive new lustre from external decoration. In the gay circle of Charles's court, adorned with silken embroidery, and reflecting a prism of radiance from her variously-coloured gems, she moved as one born for courts alone, and all unsuited to the privacy and retirement of less stirring scenes. The theme of poets and the realisa-tion of the painter's *beau ideal*, by natural consequence she became also the object of the passion of those lawless lords and profligate gallants who revolved within the sphere of Charles the Second. Frank, unsus-picious, and confiding, she received the homage as a merited tribute to her own gifts and graces ; and pre-served her train of adorers by means of the very pride which was at once her security and the safeguard of her virtue.

But neither security nor conscious integrity afford any defence from the attacks of envy. Scandal, with her hundred tongues, found an unceas-ing theme in the actions of the beau-tiful and incautious Anabel. It is well known that, within the immedi-ate circle of Charles's court, there

was no rigorous censorship of female conduct. Airy, frivolous, sprightly, and superficial gallantry, was the special occupation of the courtiers of both sexes. If the proud, and occasionally scornful, Lady Trevor, had fallen regularly into the ranks of her new associates, she might have pursued her track unadmonished by an invidious comment, unchecked by observation, under the convenient shelter of the prevalent fashion. There was one broad mark of distinction between herself and her contemporaries, which none of them could pardon—she was a coquette, as they were: her original simplicity somewhat sophisticated—her wit sometimes less cautious than formerly—her archness more alluring—her attire more voluptuous;—but she was a loyal wife! and women faithless to the conjugal tie, hated her chastity even more than her beauty.

She had been selected as a prize by an eye, whose keenness generally carried its arrows unswervingly to his intended prey. She had laughed at the temptations offered by royal gallantry, and had publicly ridiculed the munificence of princely prodigality. Such an attack, Envy whispered, was the less formidable, inasmuch as the heart might reasonably be presumed to be untouched; and pride, her maligners affirmed, was, in her, stronger than vanity. But when at length, the dangerous, the elegant, the irresistible Buckingham, laid his train,—love itself was the ally to be pressed into his service, and to soften into tenderness and passion, that obduracy which strengthened itself against every approach of meaner and baser feelings.

And the lively beauty did sometimes carry her coquetry to such lengths as fed the hopes of Buckingham, and augmented his presumption in exact proportion to the deepening cloud which hung upon the brow of Sir Philip Trevor. He was the most honourable of men and the fondest of husbands, relying on his wife's tenderness and gratitude to preserve in her such reverence for his name

and reputation, such reciprocal affection as would keep her unscathed by the flames that played around her.

"Anabel," he said to her one evening, on their retirement from the court revels, "Anabel, is your head clear enough to answer soberly and in truth the simple question,—Wherefore did you marry me?—or to be somewhat more explicit, plainly, did my name and my station tempt you to leave your father's solitude for these gayer scenes, or had you aught of such feeling for me as, in faith, Anabel, had it, at this present hour, been yet in thy power to make thy choice, after the incense thou hast been receiving from him whom one must not lightly name, or more closely from his minion, would thy heart still have led thee to the arms of Philip Trevor?"

"And, if my heart had not, what should, Sir Philip?" said the lady, firmly, and the proud blood stained her cheek, and the haughty spirit waved her up-raised eye with lightning.

"In good faith, Anabel," replied the cavalier with an air of determination, as if resolved to maintain a position he had assumed with a great effort of courage,—“I have heard that, to a woman's taste, a gay and crowded court is no bad exchange for retirement,—splendour for obscurity,—the silver voices of gallants, for the unmusical notes of bats and night-birds.”

"And the affection of an approving father, for the taunts of a sarcastic husband," interrupted the lady bitterly, her complexion still deepening at the storm her proud passions increased. "That is about the climax of the blessed exchanges I have made, Sir Philip Trevor;—and if it be your meaning that I should stoop to the dust before you, because forsooth, these armlets, and collet, and pendants, and head-gear, and rings, and loops, and brooches,"—taking with disdain from her person each separate ornament as she enumerated it,—“are somewhat

heavier and better calculated for the dazzling of a child's eye, than the wreaths of wild flowers which used very well to satisfy mine, why then, fair Sir, most sadly, I trow, are you mistaken;—for I declare to you by mine own honour and my dear father's unsullied name, that Charles's crown of England, his very jewel of Britain's self, should win from me no lowlier homage, than it befits his station to demand, and comport with my unblemished fame to yield."

Such a declaration counteracted the effect which a similar exhibition of haughty and violent temper might otherwise have produced on the husband's mind. His love rose immediately above the cloud which jealousy had thrown over it, and he attempted to sooth and caress the angry charmer, whose beautiful form was even yet panting with the uncontrollable emotion of vindictive feeling.

The angry lady indignantly flung from him; and rejected with contempt all his overtures of reconciliation. Subdued by an untamed temper, she passed that restless night in unappeasable anger against the being of all the world the dearest to her heart.

Following the dictates of her own unbending pride, she exchanged her former confidential communications with Sir Philip, for a reserve which left him ignorant of each day's plans of action. By necessary consequence, he no longer afforded libertine courtiers the opportunity of accosting him with a passing banter, as "my lady's shadow." They were seen together unfrequently; and Buckingham's practised eye detected the moment favourable to the pressing of his suit, whilst his unhallowed passion increased in equal proportion. That which seemed scarcely appropriated by any, might, he argued, be attempted with impunity by all.

Acting on this maxim, his suit became daily more unequivocal, and the lady discovered that all the manoeuvres of her coquetry were utterly

insufficient to evade the impassioned declaration of lawless love which her own unguardedness had incurred. Her pride and her purity, in this instance, acting as auxiliaries, combined to arouse her judgment to a full conviction of the danger of her personal position, and to awake longing regrets after that happy time, when the confidence between herself and her husband had been mutual and unbounded.

"The kindest of men he was!" thus she held colloquy with herself; "the noblest, the most forbearing, the most confiding!—thou foolish Anabel, to trample on so true a heart,—to weary so generous a spirit! And for what?—to gratify, not thy taste—for *that*, thanks to the truth and reality of the beautiful companions of thy childhood, the unchanging hills, and the green earth, and the everlasting forests, and the blue arching sky, and the swelling floods,—*that*, at least, detected and derided the artifice and falsehood which shroud the deformity of a courtier's mind, as his state-robe adorns his person!—Nor thine understanding—bestowed to elevate thee above the level of folly and trifling, to pursue steadily a higher object than even the best and the brightest of this goodly world!—Nor thy passions—for, if thou wert defiled even in thought, could I live to speak it?—Nor the vacuum of an unoccupied heart; for has thy husband's image been, for one moment, degraded from its sanctuary there?—And thou hast wearied that forgiving heart of his into obstinacy, and trampled on that warm and loving spirit until, perhaps, it may now be indifferent to thy returning duty!—But, let us try;—even yet I hear him pacing his anti-chamber;—let me, at this moment, put to the test, the real value of those witcheries which the hollow world has so much lauded!"

Thus determining, the fair creature rapt her ermined mantle round her, and crossed the gallery to her husband's apartment. She tapped

lightly at the door ; so lightly, indeed, that the throbbing of her heart was more audible. It was opened, and the next instant, she stood alone in his presence.

The moment had arrived ;—the moment which, she believed in her soul, was to be the immediate precursor of tender and complete reconciliation. And yet, at this crisis, when, if ever, it was really to avail her, her natural eloquence utterly forsook her. She, whose words had won senators, and whose proud nobility of demeanour had awed a monarch, was silent, abashed, intimidated, before him, whose existence had so recently appeared dependant on her smile.

Perhaps it was but the operation of that womanly pride, which feels it a humiliation to *seek* reconciliation, even with an offended husband.

Sir Philip himself was, for a second, disconcerted by her entrance ; but he speedily recovered his self-command.

"What now, Anabel ?" said he, encouragingly ;—"speak fearlessly thy wishes and thy wants. Dost thou envy some court-beauty a rich pattern of brocade ? or hast thou set thine heart upon a sparkling carcanet which mocks thy brightest gauds ? Is it money or gems thou wouldest have ? They are thine, if my means limit thy wishes."

"And wilt thou truly give me that gem most coveted by mine eye and heart, Philip Trevor ?" said the enchantress, laying her fair hand on his shoulder, and bending gently her graceful neck, whilst she raised her radiant eyes to his face, with such a mingled expression of archness and tenderness, as she had proved, in other instances, to be irresistible.

It boots not to enter into the minute details of a scene, interesting principally to the actors, and deriving its claims to admiration chiefly from those graces of countenance and gesture which fall to the painter's, not the historian's, province. It may be sufficient to record, that, although Sir Philip and his lady spent the ma-

jor part of the next morning in a *tête-à-tête* airing, the fair Anabel shone not a whit the less brilliantly in the evening as the star of the court-circle ; and, indeed, she received the attentions of Buckingham with more encouraging graciousness and animation than ever.

There shone that night as fair a moon as ever lighted a lover to the feet of his mistress. All was still round the mansion of Sir Philip Trevor, save the echoing footstep of a passenger, who was pacing under the shadow of its garden-wall, with the enforced regularity of a sentry on guard. Occasionally he paused, and looked up to the sky above him, as if desirous of reading, in the aspect of the planets, the issue of his present adventure. Then he resumed his perambulations with apparent satisfaction, pleased with the result of his celestial inquiries ; and then anon he paused again, and bent his ear earthward, to catch the coming sound of expected feet. Beautiful as was the garniture of the heavenly vault that night, he was not so absorbed by the contemplation of it, as to be inaccessible to the incessant attacks of a keen northeast wind ; which, blowing sideways upon him, he could by no means escape. He drew his large, heavy, servile cloak closely round his person ; but the subtle wind penetrating it, still cut him keenly.

Minutes passed away ; and to him who waits, even a second is a very marked interval of time. Occasionally he hesitated, whether he should not boldly proceed to the grand entrance, and seek admission. But that would betray a lady's secret—a measure ill-befitting the first courtier of Charles the Second's court ; especially in the very outset of his enterprise, when he had but just brought the fortress to *hint* at capitulation. Sometimes he was on the point of abandoning his design entirely ; but to retire merely for a keen wind and an hour's watching, was to undergo the shame of being baffled by no tolerably sufficient

causes. And the eyes of his world had been so fastened on the progress of his present adventure, that he felt half his reputation for successful gallantry was staked on its result. No—he held victory almost in his grasp, and he could not voluntarily resign it for mortification and defeat.

Two hours had elapsed since the chimes of the adjacent church had tolled the appointed time. A less determined suitor would have deemed that some unpropitious circumstance had marred his hopes, and would have retired accordingly. Not so Buckingham; in his heart he vowed that the full-risen sun should find him there, ready to seize the first who passed those gates; and to force from him information of all that had occurred within during the night, which had brought such disappointment. Angry, and suspicious of some evil design, his unequal steps betrayed the state of his feelings; when a small private door, deeply set in the wall, opened! and a cautious voice whispered the word "*L'amour!*"

"*C'est le diable!*" muttered the gallant; and somewhat raising his voice, he added—"By St. George! I believed myself forgotten, or following a false lure!"

"No, by my troth, my good lord!" returned the *soubrette*, in low tones. For the matter of *forgetting*, my lady has thought of nothing else these last long three hours!—and as to falseness—I say nothing—but could your lordship hear her sigh, as I have done!—her pretty eyes glittering, as I may say, like dew-drops in the morning! "Oh, Villain!"—says she,—meaning your Grace—"oh, George Villain!"—and then she wipes away the tears withal—and looks so piteous—in sooth, 'twould do your lordship's heart good to see and hear all."

Buckingham had been for a moment startled at the waiting-woman's illegitimate reading of his patronymic. Always acute, he had doubted whether it were the effect of ignorance or malice;—but the evident

simplicity of his coadjutrix, as she stood with an inclined head, twirling her thumbs and courtseying at every sentence, restored his confidence.

"In a word," said he, impatiently, "is the cause of my long detention here removed?—Conduct me to your lady;—for, *mort de ma vie!* my teeth chatter as in an ague fit, and I would not stand here five minutes longer for the fairest princess in Christendom."

The damsel spoke no more, but led him onwards in obedience to his injunction, signing to him to preserve constant silence. Buckingham scarcely needed the injunction;—he was too practised in wariness to trust his own voice on these occasions.

By windings more intricate and circuitous than a plain-dealing man might have approved, Buckingham was conducted by his cautious guide to the apartment where the beautiful Anabel expected him. It was a small, plainly-furnished closet, lighted by a single lamp, whose feeble rays left one part of it involved in shadow. There was nothing particularly attractive in the scene of reception itself: but the lady was adorned in the most seductive garb, sanctioned indeed by the taste of the age, but exhibiting more of her person than she had ever ventured in her public appearance; for she had been remarked for a delicacy in her fashion of dress, which had been supposed an effect of the strictness of her less youthful husband. The prohibition evidently was disregarded now, and the suitor drew the happiest augury from it. He kissed the fair hand which welcomed his entrance, and gazed with undisguised admiration on the most graceful neck in the world. Anabel blushed deeply; but whether the producing cause was love, or shame, or indignation, was a question to be subsequently decided.

She took her place at a small table, and motioned to the lover to seat himself near her. Smilingly, and in perfect content, he obeyed—careful-

ly selecting a position which permitted him to enjoy unrestrained contemplation of that exquisite beauty in whose radiance he was basking.

All the *hauteur* of Anabel had vanished. She appeared to surrender herself entirely to that liveliness of imagination, which imparted so much witchery and archness to her countenance. Inspired by her animation, Buckingham's wit became every moment more brilliant, and his whole mind intoxicated with assurance of ultimate success. Wine was brought by the *confidante*, and he quaffed a goblet of the sparkling juice with the avidity of a man imbibing a new source of vivacity and delight. His spirits acquired strength every minute, and it was evident that they were rapidly attaining that point when they overmaster reason.

At this moment a figure enveloped in a dark cloak, his face almost shrouded by his hat, advanced a step from the recess which had hitherto completely concealed him in its depth of shadow.

Buckingham had no eye, no attention, for aught beyond the circle of the light that shone around the object of his devotion. His hand, to aid by its action the force of his oaths, was emphatically raised, when the soft white fingers of Anabel pressed it.

"'Tis a pretty bauble, this ring which you wear!" she said, with the most bewitching playfulness. "Suppose I take it as a pledge of your truth, my protesting lover; and wear it until I have to mourn your falsehood; and return it when your truant heart would bestow itself elsewhere. By my faith! 'twere better displayed on my finger than on your's."

"'Tis the gift of Charles,"—said Buckingham, earnestly—"a kind of talisman, by which I hold his favour. He has sworn to me, that while the jewel leaves me not, neither shall his friendship."

"What!" said the lady, assuming anger, "dost thou refuse me the worthless tribute?—thou, who hast

even now vowed to Heaven that thou would'st sacrifice life and limb at my behest? False man! where is thy truth, and wherein thy word's value? Nay—and if Charles himself is preferred to me—if thou holdest thy prince's favour at a price above thy mistress', marvel not that she should disdain a heart so disloyal to love, so prodigal of promise, and so very poor of performance!"

"Upon mine honour, fairest, sweetest, Anabel! I will give thee one of ten times its value!" replied he, endeavouring to soften her. "In good truth, it is not worthy my giving, nor thy acceptance. It is not a jewel of fine water—the gold is alloyed. Nay, nay—so base a gift were but sorry homage to thy charms. Thou shalt have the best that London can produce."

"Nay, but in sooth and by my faith, I will have none but this," returned Anabel, resuming her seductive sportiveness, and with yet greater archness almost drawing off the ring:—"I will play Portia with thee, and say that—

For your love, I'll take this ring from you.
Do not draw back your hand—I'll take no more;

And you, in love, shall not deny me this!

Charles himself had given me his kingdom for half this pleading," and the ring by this time had travelled from his finger to her's.

"In the words of the oracle of old, thou art invincible," said Buckingham, pressing with his lips the taper finger now encircled by the disputed jewel.

At this instant there was a noise of footsteps and voices in the adjoining apartment. Anabel rose in alarm just as her attendant entered, and announced the arrival of Sir Philip.

"Leave me without one moment's delay," said the lady, in great distress;—"nay, pause not,—question not,—tarry not;—he comes—we are lost;—go, go—follow Lettice—what would'st thou?—at the next midnight return.—There—there—no more parlance;—obey."

The next evening was the anni-

versary of Charles the Second's return to England. An entertainment unusually splendid celebrated it. The flower of Britain's bravest and fairest were collected there, and a thousand lamps shed brilliancy over the splendid circle.

In queen-like magnificence, the peerless Anabel stood, in the pride of her pre-eminent beauty, near the monarch. She was supported by the arm of her husband, whose grave dignity and graceful nobility of demeanour, marked him as the fitting guardian of one so young and fair. A throng of courtiers were gathered round them, and there was much whispering in various groups, for which this distinguished pair evidently afforded a theme. Sir Philip pressed the fair arm that leaned upon his, and the frequent coupling of the names of Trevor and Buckingham, which rose upon their ears, seemed by no means to interrupt the harmony between them.

At length the circle of courtiers opened, and made way for Buckingham's approach to the royal seat. He was attired with more than ordinary splendour,—a very galaxy of jewels. His face and form had never appeared to greater advantage;—the heart of many a fair one present beat quickly, and there was probably not a maiden in that circle, however distinguished for birth or fortune, who would not have deemed the proffer of his alliance an honour, if not a condescension.

Charles, as usual, applauded his favourite's magnificent taste.—“Thy colours are infinitely well chosen,” said the monarch, “and thy jewels arranged in a manner not to be spoken against. Thou art certainly the pink of judicious taste, and as usual may bid defiance to criticism. Unglove, George; and shew me how thou honour'st the pledge of thy master's favour by bringing it into such goodly company.”

The words of Charles were distinctly heard by the neighbouring courtiers, and amongst the rest by Sir Philip and the fair Anabel.

Their eyes were fastened on the embarrassed favourite, and his glances soon mingled with theirs. There was a silence through the whole of that circle, which heightened the confusion of Buckingham.

“What means this?” said Charles, laughing, perhaps in spite of his will. “Thou can'st not be ashamed, George, of thy king's present; and if thy carelessness has lost it, we will punish thee by commanding thee to unglove without further delay.”

“In faith, my liege,” said the Duke, slowly drawing the embroidered covering from his hand,—“the loss of the jewel has entirely discomposed me these twelve hours. I wot not, indeed, what is become of it, but I have taken every pains to ensure its return; and if these fail me, I can but throw myself on your majesty's known clemency for pardon, and, indeed, pity for my misfortune. It must have been stolen whilst I slept, for I call heaven to witness—”

“Have done with thy protestations, George,” said the monarch, laughing without restraint. “We will engage that our royal command shall procure the ring for thee as quickly as thou didst lose it. Exhibit the trophy of discretion, fair Armida,” he added, and Anabel advancing with her husband, laid the ring at his feet.

“I know not,” said the monarch, “whether it were not safest in your keeping, Lady Trevor, were we willing to do George Villiers so much grace as to consign it still to the guardianship of the fair hand on which he placed it. Doubtless he passed its circlet round that taper finger, with the elegance and courtly bearing for which we hold him peerless.”

“As clumsily as the meanest varlet in your majesty's household,” replied the lady quickly. “May it please you, sire, the Duke, in assuming his meanest page's holiday suit, adopted that page's every-day manners withal. His eyes were fixed on

mine with a most luckless affectation of admiration, not to say love, and his mouth wore such a simper as your majesty's jester might have envied. One hand lay spread upon his knee,—habituated perhaps so to defend the honourable badge he had, for that night, laid aside ;—the other courted alliance with mine, and left yonder trophy in its keeping. Meanwhile, my lord of Buckingham's power of sight was so completely under my direction, that he was not for one moment dismayed by the apparition of my husband, whose post, during our interview, was some paces behind my chair."

"'Fore George, the lady's tongue hath punished thee, properly, Villiers ;—thou shalt never hear the last of this !" said the monarch, throwing himself back on his seat to indulge his merriment. "Was there ever aught so crest-fallen as yon hero ?" he asked of his courtiers, and peals of laughter resounded through the circle, always ready to fall into the vein of the moment.

"Come, resume the jewel, George ; and henceforward keep it more carefully,—or, at least," he added in a half whisper,—“part not with it again to endanger the repetition of a scene like this.”

Mortified—humiliated ;—the favourite, affecting to carry the matter bravely, obeyed the royal mandate. Charles directed the general attention to other objects, and the adventure ceased, from that moment, to be a subject of public discussion. The monarch afforded evidence of his recollection of it, only by the increased and respectful preference he always exhibited to the beautiful Anabel and her husband, whose conjugal harmony no subsequent event ever disturbed.

Though no longer openly alluded to, Buckingham's discomfiture lived in the remembrance of all. And many a husband found a talisman powerful to check the influence of the insidious favourite over the heart of his wife, in the utterance of the name of *Anabel Trevor* !

THEATRICAL REPORT.—OCTOBER.

THE signs of a London winter are beginning to be displayed by more than falling leaves, lighted fires, and stage-coaches loaded homewards. The great theatres are opening for the season, and Covent Garden and Drury Lane are indulging themselves in threats of the wonders that they are to do with Tragedy, Comedy, and Farce, before a month has rolled over the brows of this play-going generation. Drury Lane has been first in the field ; and the transatlantic vigour has raised a formidable force.

LIST OF THE COMPANY.

Messrs. Braham, Browne, W. Bennett, Bedford, Bland, Barnes—Cooper, T. Cooke—Dowton, Darnley—Fenton—Gattie—Harley, Hughes, Hooper, Howell, Honnor—Jones, C. Jones—Kean, junior—Liston—Macready, Matthews, Mude

—Noble—Powell—J. Russell—Salter, G. Smith, Southby, Sheriff—Thompson, Tayleure—Usher—E. Vining—Wallack, Webster, Wakefield, Master Wieland—Younge, Yarnold.

Mrs. Bunn, Mrs. Bedford—Miss Carthy—Mrs. Davison—Miss Foote, Mrs. Field—Mrs. W. Geesin, Miss Grant, Miss Gould—Mrs. C. Jones—Mrs. Knight—Miss Love—Mrs. Noble, Miss Nicol—Mrs. Orger—Miss Paton, Miss I. Paton, Miss Pincott—Misses Ryalls, Smithson, E. Tree, A. Tree—Mrs. Tenaant—Miss Vincent—Mrs. W. West.

A Corps de Ballet, under the direction of Mr. Noble—a full Chorus, under the superintendence of Mr. Harris.

Among these are certainly many public favourites, yet the Company will require some very important ad-

ditions to be complete. In opera, Braham and Miss Paton are first-rate; but something more is required, unless two singers are enough for opera; which we are at liberty to doubt. Why is not Sinclair engaged? a fine performer, a popular favourite, and whose engagement would render the musical superiority of Drury Lane decisive. In tragedy, the incompleteness is at least not less obvious. Macready is to be the "be all, and the end all," unless young Kean should succeed, which is yet among the most doubtful of all dubious things. Wallack, a clever and showy performer in a certain line, and Mrs. Bunn, are the whole strength. But in this we can scarcely attribute blame to the manager. He has probably done his best; the dearth of the higher orders of dramatic ability is singular; and if England cannot produce tragedians, the managers cannot engage them.

But his true strength is in comedy, and here he may congratulate himself on having succeeded in collecting the ablest *corps* that has been seen in England for the last twenty years. Liston re-engaged, Matthews restored to the stage, Jones won from the enemy, form a trio which defy all rivalry. Downton, Harley, Mrs. Davison, Miss Foote, Miss Love, Cooper, Russel, Mrs. Orger, &c., all important, increase the strength of this popular department; and if our authors are to be in the good graces of Parnassus, and produce anything worth acting, they may be assured that justice will be done to them on the stage.

The note of preparation among the authors, too, is loud. Kenny, whose talent, like wine, improves with age, is pronounced to be unusually prolific this season. He is the reputed procreator of a comedy in five acts, that grand difficulty of authorship; a difficulty which, as we shall probably not live in the next century, we shall not see surmounted by any of the known play-wrights. We are not surprised at the rareness of success in this pursuit, when we

recollect the qualities essential to it. The keen observation of life, the quick seizure of the prominent points of character; and the skill in expression that are the primary requisites: in addition to these, the wit, in itself the rarest thing in the world, the easy pleasantry, which is scarcely attainable but by the habits of accomplished life, and the arrangement of all in story, so as to produce a plot at once clear and complicated, simple enough to be intelligible to all, yet sufficiently intricate to stimulate the curiosity of all. Even this inferior part is so peculiar, that to make a clever plot, it is almost absolutely necessary to be a student of the stage; in fact, there is scarcely an instance of decided success in dramatic writing, when the author was not either in personal habits of intercourse with the theatre, or was not himself an actor, the usual case.

Thus we have no writer of comedy at the present day, nor perhaps would even the favourites of our forefathers be assured of popularity, if they were now to appear for the first time. Sheridan always excepted, whose dexterity, force, and point, must make him popular in all ages. But our present taste is so much purer in language and morals, is so much more severe in stage probabilities, and requires so much more dramatic contrast and vigour of character, that even the wit of Congreve, and the subtle plots of Cibber, would run a formidable hazard. The generation immediately before, tis true, endured a vast deal of commonplace, of dramatic jargon, and feeble and laborious jesting; but even they merely endured it. The miscellaneous mob of the theatres laughed and applauded; but the intelligent—the class which in the days of Anne were called critics, and who then were the representatives of public taste—yawned.

It has been alleged, that the dramatic *matériel* is burnt out; that life in our country, with its perpetual circulation of opinions, its community of habits, and the general spirit of

imitation that pervades an old and civilized people, has lost its earlier peculiarities; that in the eternal collision, all peculiarities are rubbed smooth, like the corner-stones of a highway, or the impression of a shilling; that, in short, since the age of bag-wigs and rolled stockings has passed away—since the physician is no more tremendous in curled peruke and gold-headed cane—the parson sips his punch without pudding sleeves—the man of fashion flirts without stiff skirts down to his toes—and the woman of fashion returns his flirtation, divested of hoop-petticoat, stomacher, and periwig a foot and a half high—the world has gone out of joint, and there is no more variety of character than in a Lincolnshire fen. Human kind is a dead level; man and woman are but so many painted pipkins on a mantel-piece; the furniture of an old maid's closet, the shreds and patches of the great workshop of Nature retiring from business.

Can we believe all this? The bag-wig, it is true, may make an important part of the *Æsculapius*, just as the fellow of a college would, in nine instances out of ten, be a very common kind of fellow without his square cap. But there will be quacks and dunces in the world in plenty, even if all wigs and caps were burned in a common conflagration. Have we not still the usurer, the projector, the gambling man of fashion, who lives at the rate of ten thousand a year, without the possession of a legitimate sixpence; the parliament trader, the Yorkshire heir, full of emptiness, country coxcombry, and the money of his grandfathers and grandmothers burning for transference to the midnight banks of St. James's? Have we not the insolence of office, the prostitute placeman, the boroughmongering patriot, the roarer against abuses, while he is longing for a share in them? Have we not, in general society, all the specimens of puppyism, puritanism, cant, conceit, covetousness? Have we not the fortune-hunter, the for-

tune-huntress, the mother bringing up her progeny for the market, with no more compunction than the dealer in sheep, and as little delicacy as the Jew who hangs up suits for, all shapes outside his door? Have we not the moustached guardsman, fuller of snuff than sense, and thinking all the world contained in the mess, the card-club, and the billiard-table? Have we no King's aides-de-camps, covered over with lace and servility, no lords of the bed-chamber, who would lacquer shoes, or turn shirts, or lick the dust for the honour and profit of being menials? Have we no women of rank, proud and mean, methodistical and profligate, old, with the affectations of youth, and young, with the avarice, venality, and heartlessness of age? We need never despair of our stock, let but the true comedian arise, and we will furnish him with character from a treasury as inexhaustible as the ocean.

In addition to Kenney's comedy, we are told that he has a farce or two, in whose success we may have hope—an opera, on which it will behove Mr. Bishop to exert something more than his late energies—and, of course, a bundle of melo-dramas. Poole, whose seizure of the French farces is in general so rapid, but who was superseded in the "*Bride at Fifty*" by the more rapid grasp of Kenney (such are among the hazards of plundering from the same store, without confidence between the plunderers), brings forward his translation in three acts. If he should be at a loss for a title, we suggest that of "*Honour among Thieves*."

Macready is bringing with him a regular Illinois tragedy, in which all the characters are backwoodsmen; and the interest is to arise from the scalping an European party, and the roasting an Indian alive. Mr. Knowles is supposed to have three tragedies, on the subjects of *Coriolanus*, *Cæsar*, and *Antony*: we suspect that these subjects have been tolerably well handled before; but the genius of the author and the actor will doubtless throw new lights on the

matter. Mr. Walker, the author of "Wallace," is said to be busy with a subject from the history of Hayti; and a lady author, vibrating between Charles Kemble's established charms and Macready's popularity, refreshed, of course, by his marine washings, is said to have prepared the same tragedy for both houses: the treatment of the story, and the nature of the characters differing so considerably, as to inspire the fair authoress with a hope, and by no means an ill grounded one, that no one will suspect the identity.

Covent Garden is again under a single sceptre. The republic gave way two years ago, and Messrs. Willett and Forbes are now as much extricated from the cares of ambition as M. Tallien and the Abbé Sieyès. Then came the triple consulate of Messrs. Fawcett, Smart, and Kemble; but the actor carries the day, and Charles is now first consul—the Napoleon of Covent Garden. Kean, Young, and Kemble, are more than the Percy and Douglas joined in arms, and Victory is already fresh painting to be perched on their banners. Shakspeare is to be revived, more Shakspearian than ever; one of his plays, so unlike all the rest that it has not been heard of these hundred years, but that throws "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" into eclipse, is to be produced; and the world are, for the nine months ensuing, to be held in a state of perpetual agony. Miracles are expected from Kean, who has the double stimulant of playing for fifty pounds a night (the yearly income of a curate!) and of playing for the remnant of his fame, against the unnatural young Roscius who is to tear the laurel from the brow of the unnatural old one; Kean against Kean, Norval against Sir Giles. Young will be, as he always is, clear of all war on the occasion—neither in dread of parricide, nor trembling for his diadem, but gathering money in quiet, and helping out the deficiencies of authorship on the stage, by tremendous blank verse of his own.

The Haymarket closes in a few nights, after a busy, pleasant, and, we should suppose, a productive season. Poole has been unlucky. His only French play, "Gudgeons and Sharks," fell a victim to as rapid an explosion of public wrath as we can remember. It perished at a blow, and never showed sign of life again. His next piece has lived only in preparation—the failure of his former had left a gap, which it was expedient to fill. Kenny stepped in, with a two act farce upon the subject, which his brother translator had been tardily fabricating into three. Theatres are like time and tide, and wait for no man. The two acts in the hand were to the manager worth two thousand in the brain, and Kenny's was performed. The title, the "Bride at Fifty," was presumed to be a hit at Mrs. Coutts, who, it is to be observed, is graceless enough to have no box at this pleasantest of all theatres. If she had, of course she would have, in delicacy to her nerves, escaped the title, which, whatever may be her passion for titles, we should conceive not much to her taste. We advise her Grace's securing a box for next season. Kenny's farce is a very spirited and amusing *mélange*. A coaxing, jealous, tyrannical bore of a wife; a young husband who marries to escape a jail; a dozing old squire, roaming on a matrimonial expedition; and a rattling widow of a general, full of the brawling manners, the bustling self-importance, and the love of man and money, engendered between mercenary soldiery, and the natural appetite of widowhood; make up the characters. A stupid major in love with a stupid niece, are only drags and deterioration: the *whole*, however, is lively. Cooper, the young husband, deserves praise for his cleverness. He is vastly improved; the quakerism of his tone, physiognomy, and gesture, is passing away, and, but for his extraordinary fondness for dressing like a banker's clerk, or a footman out of livery, he might pass for a very pleasant stage

gentleman. He is drunk during three fourths of the farce—too long a period for the amusement of the audience, or the probability of the play; but his liveliness (that we should ever live to write the word of Cooper!) carries off the excess, and we congratulate him on having made an advance in his profession. Farren is excellent in the drowsy old owner of Poppy Hall, which he got by nodding at an auctioneer in his sleep; a story from Joe Miller, and whose selection does credit to Kenney's sense of the absurd. Mrs. Glover is a capital *Mrs. General*; but she talks like platoon-firing, and at once dazzles and deafens. Her rapidity is equivalent to loss of teeth; she mumbles the unfortunate author.

The Lyceum has reached its close. "The Freebooters," Mathews, and Miss Kelly as the Serjeant's wife, have sustained the popularity of this attractive theatre.

The dramatic world will lament to hear, that the deputy licenser, that severe guardian of the virtues of the stage, Mr. George Colman, jun., whose immaculate life has long been an honour to society, and whose scorn of sycophancy and servility will render his name memorable among the patriots of Great Britain, has been lately afflicted with a series of misfortunes, in the shape of dramas returned by the Duke of Devonshire, in which the Duke, not having the fear of heaven and the King before his eyes, had actually the hardihood to restore, reinstate, and reinscribe, several atrocious and obnoxious phrases; such as "How do you do? Does the King eat his mutton roasted or boiled? A Lord Mayor may be a jackass for a year, and an Alderman a jackass for life," &c., which the purity and loyalty of the deputy licenser's mind could not tolerate, and had therefore cut out. The rumour goes, that the deputy's first idea was that of resigning his situation; but on second thoughts, he was content with resigning his opinion. The obnoxious phrases were, therefore, suffered to remain, the de-

puty making a private protest that they are not his sentiments. And thus is the world to be overrun with a deluge of interrogatory vice, and declamatory dilapidation of the honour of the aldermanic intellect, to the great scandal of the nineteenth century. George Colman, jun., is now writing his life, in which the foregoing transaction is to form the principal episode.

The stars of the theatrical world are still planetary. Miss Paton, whose *oxymosis* lately puzzled all mankind, and who, we fear, is ill of more than a stage indisposition, is wandering somewhere among the solitudes of Brighton. Braham has disappeared; but as neither frost nor thaw, youth nor age, can touch his voice, we rely upon his returning to light early in the season. Young is on a tour to visit the tomb of Napoleon, and is expected by the first India arrivals. Macready is undiscoverable, and there are some doubts of his having been actually imported. But he is probably gathering new conceptions of human nature, and the capabilities of his purse among some of the country theatres. Elliston is managing away at a prodigious rate in the neighbourhood of the King's Bench. He is understood to have made some valuable operative discoveries of old scores, probably left behind in the habitual negligence of Mr. Dibdin.

Theatrical Biography, of all others the most amusing, is to delight the town during the winter. Harry Harris is in his third volume, and near (we hope not ominously) his end. Michael Kelly's life is to be succeeded by another of the same good-humoured old martyr to love and gout, but totally different, and much more amusing in anecdote and private history.

Reynolds is writing his life over again; but, as he says with his accustomed pleasantry, by no means with any intention to amend it. Farley is occupied on a history of the chief bears, dogs, elephants, and donkeys, that have performed within the

period of his management ; with an appendix on the genius and literature essential to the author of pantomime.

The English Company under Abbott in Paris are terrifying the French. The Boulevards are deserted of the promenaders. The Opéra Comique, the Variétés, the Porte St. Martin, are empty. The

only person to be seen at the opera is Lord Fife, speculating on the figurantes. The critical spirit of the Parisians is fine. They consider Charles Kemble in his fortunate moments, to be nearly equal to Miss Smithson, but as to approaching Clermont, they bid him *despair* !

SONNET, FROM BARUFFALDI.

STERN Winter knocks at dying Autumn's gate
With all his stormy troop and drear array,
And Autumn bids his yielding doors give way,
And drops his sceptre, and resigns his state.
But rosy fingered Spring comes forth elate,
And scares the hoary tyrant from his prey,
Then yields in turn, and feels her feeble sway
Before the sultry Summer sun abate.
As wave to wave succeeds, Time's mighty tide
Glides on and on. The horned Moon in heaven
Succeeds the Sun's bright chariot in her turn.
The Seasons with the Sun come forth in pride,
To Man alone no second spring is given,
And years roll on, oh ! never to return !

THE LIBRARY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.—NO. II.

HOW TO PREVENT WASPS FROM ENTERING BEE-HIVES.

AT this season bees are most attacked by wasps, which very often destroy the whole hive. To prevent their entering the hive, procure a piece of wood (which must be white deal) about from four to six inches long, and of the same thickness and width as will go into the mouth of your bee-hive. At the underside of this piece of wood, make a groove about half an inch in diameter, or as large as three or four bees can go in or out at once ; then, when a wasp makes an effort to enter, the bees will have a better chance of defending themselves ; for if it goes past one bee, there will be another to engage it. Without this tube the wasp would boldly enter, and creep in between the combs, before the bees would have any suspicion of it ; and so carry off the fruits of their labours. This tube may be thrust in about three inches, or as far as you can for combs, and

may remain in all the winter, which will keep out the cold winds ; and in spring, when the bees begin to work, they may be taken out entirely. An early insertion in your useful Magazine will much oblige your obedient servant.

Doncaster, Aug. 10, 1827.

CURE FOR BROKEN SHINS.

Sir,—It may be useful to workmen to know that powdered charcoal, made into a paste with water, and applied to any sore place caused by the skin being rubbed off, will immediately allay the smart and remove the inflammation. I applied it with perfect success to a very bad broken shin, which was caused by slipping through a newly made floor, by which the skin of the shin was rubbed off from my instep nearly to my knee. The application of the charcoal made into a paste took off the pain and inflammation ; and I was not laid up with it one hour, instead of being so, as I expected, for

three months. I renewed the application morning and evening till the place was quite well, which it was in four or five days.

S. OTTAR.

A METHOD FOR TAKING AN IMPRESSION FROM A COPPERPLATE ON PARIS PLAISTER, WITH COLOURS, AS IN COMMON PRINTS.

Let the plate be filled with ink (made of the best ivory black, mixed with drying linseed oil, and ground very fine on a painter's stone) and the surface cleaned with the hand and whiting, as in common copperplate printing. Provide yourself with a board about half an inch thick, just the size of your plate; round the edge of this, wrap some stiff paper, raised half an inch above the surface on one side, and level on the other, in the form of a trough: into this put your plate, with the prepared side upwards; then mix your Paris plaister with water to proper consistency, and pour it on the plate; then lifting up the trough, let it fall flat upon the table again, to drive the bubbles of air from the plate through the surface of the plaister, which, after you have repeated about 12 times, let it stand an hour. Afterwards take the plate out of the trough, and the plaister, now hardened, from the plate, and you will have a very neat impression on the plaister, fit to put in a frame, and by far preferable to the best prints.

W. HARDING.

METHOD OF TAKING IMPRESSIONS OF MEDALS OR COINS.

The following is a method of taking impressions of medals or coins with isinglass. Take an ounce of isinglass; beat it in a mortar; then pick it into small pieces, put them into a half pint phial, and then fill it up with a spirituous liquor (common brandy or geneva will do); put a cork into the phial with a notch cut in one side of it for a passage of air, and then set it by the fire for three or four hours, shaking it often in that time; (the heat should be great

enough to keep it near boiling all the while.) The isinglass will then be sufficiently dissolved, and the whole must be put into a cloth, and strained off; it must finally be put into a clean phial, well corked, and kept for use.

When it is wanted for use, take the glue and set it by the fire, and it will soon liquify or become fluid; then having made the medal clean, and placed it quite level, pour on as much of the glue as will cover it completely over and lie without running off. It must then be let stand to dry, (which in the summer time and dry weather will be but one or two days;) when it is quite dry, it must be taken off by entering the point of a pen-knife under one side, and it will rise off the medal in a clear, transparent, and perfect resemblance of the whole, and even the minutest parts of it.

JAMES COX.

PEAR TREES.

It is really surprising, says a scientific writer, in allusion to the grafting of pears on a quince stock, that English gardeners should have so long neglected a practice which has long been followed in France, and to which the excellence of French pears is in a great degree to be attributed. The quince used as a stock has the property of stunting the growth of pears, of forcing them to produce bearing branches, instead of sterile ones, and of accelerating the maturity of the fruit. No small garden should contain pear trees grafted in any other way, nor any large gardens be without them to a considerable extent.

ON PLANTING.

The following paper, written by Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart. was read at a late meeting of the Bath and West of England Society:—"In the year 1814, I submitted to your notice the profits of a certain piece of land, containing three-quarters of an acre, which had been planted with Scotch and spruce fir-trees, on

a soil so shallow that the roots were obliged to spread themselves along the surface of the ground, in order to obtain nourishment beneath. But to show that no soil is too poor for some kind of cultivation, this barren spot of ground, when the fir-trees were cut down, after a growth of fifty-five years, averaged, from the time of their planting to that of their downfall, the sum of *£*l. 10s. 10d. per annum for the three rood; and would have produced more, had the trees been properly trained and pruned when young. Since that period, having a large space of vacant poor land on my estate, I have allotted it to plantations of various kinds, but chiefly to copses, as being more permanent than plantations of fir-trees, which only live for a certain number of years. In these I have abandoned the spade *in toto*, and have taken for its substitute an instrument first used, and I believe invented, by Mr. Monro, who formerly was employed in Sweet's Nursery-grounds at Clifton. We are apt to be prejudiced against any *new* inventions of the present day, so many having failed; but after the experience of *seven years*, I can safely recommend this instrument, as far preferable in every point of view to the *spade*, having planted half a million of various kinds of trees with it, all of which have succeeded and flourished to my satisfaction. Its form is very simple, and the only alteration I have made in Monro's instrument is in bending the iron shaft to a curve, instead of leaving it straight. The mode of using it is as follows:—one man employs the instrument, while another man or boy holds a bundle of plants. The man first inserts the instrument in the soil, holding it up for the reception of the plants, which, when done, he inserts the iron three times round the plant, in order to loosen the soil about the roots, then treads down the turf, and the plant becomes as firm set in the ground as if it had been long planted. Two men will plant in one day from five to six

hundred, at 1s. per hundred; whereas, by digging holes, the expense would be 3s. per hundred, and the planting not done so well. This instrument is particularly suited to stoney or rough furzy ground, where hole-digging is difficult; but in ground that has been cultivated, it will not succeed so well, the soil being too loose. I have also tried another mode of planting copses, *i. e.* by the plough, which has answered very well, and is a cheap method. The plough raises one furrow, a man follows, placing the plants along it; on returning, the plough throws another furrow over the plant, which covers its roots. The next process is to tread the plants down. I have a most beautiful copse of hazel wood planted in this way. In a late extensive plantation of seventy acres, I have adopted the plan recommended by Mr. Pontey, of larch with an intermixture of oak, which seems to answer very well; the larch protect the oak, and when cut down, the intervals may be filled up with copse wood, and a permanent wood obtained."—*Stourhead, Dec. 1826.*

CHEAP METHOD OF COVERING ROOFS EQUAL TO SLATE.

Slake a quantity of lime in tar, in which dip sheets of the largest and thickest brown paper; lay them on in the manner of slating; they will form a durable covering, and will effectually resist the weather for years. This is an invaluable composition, and well calculated for rural economy, in covering barns, out-houses, and other buildings, easily effected, and at little cost.

BLACK PAINT.

A Prussian chemist, a Mr. Salverte, in making experiments to improve printers' ink, has discovered a process of producing from hempseed oil a new species of black pigment, which, for brilliancy and intensity of colour, far exceeds any black known heretofore, and promises to render Prussian black as distinguished a colour as Prussian blue is at present.

The inventor has, we understand, not only applied it to improve printers' ink, but also to other useful purposes, particularly as a superior blacking for tanned leather.

COMPOSITION FOR A CEMENT TO
RESIST FIRE AND WATER.

Take half a pint of milk, and mix with it an equal quantity of vinegar, so as to coagulate the milk; sepa-

rate the curds from the whey, and mix the latter with the whites of four or five eggs, after beating them well up: the mixture of these two substances being complete, add sifted quick lime, and make the whole into the consistence of putty. If this be applied carefully (and properly dried) to broken bodies or fissures of any kind, it resists fire and water.

WHICH IS THE BRIDE?

AN OLD ENGLISH TALE.

"WHY, nephew, you are as dull this afternoon as neighbour Lucy was on his wedding-day: he looked then for all the world as if he were going to be hanged, instead of being married."

"Perhaps, uncle, the bride was a shrew, and the bridegroom so early began to repent his bargain; or, perhaps he had given his hand to one, when his heart was devoted to another: his thoughts would then be none of the merriest."

"Hearts! a fiddle-stick's end for hearts! What have hearts to do with matrimony?"

"Why, they ought to have some little to do with it, I think, uncle. A man should not marry a woman whom he does not love; and, as our favourite Shakspeare says——"

"Why, sirrah! what d'ye talk to me of Shakspeare for? You know I hate plays and poetry, and all such ungodly stuff. Don't talk to me of Shakspeare."

"Well, uncle!"

"And well, nephew! But come, lad, I won't be angry with thee; so cheer up, and be merry, boy. Why, I do believe you are in love."

A sigh was the only answer to this observation.

"Why, daughter Lucy," said the first speaker (who was yeft Sir Solomon Simple; a worthy knight, residing on his own property, near the pleasant town of ———, in the fertile county of Devon)—"Why,

daughter Lucy, thy cousin Frank is in love! Come, now, you are in all his secrets—tell me who is the favoured object."

Lucy only blushed.

"Why, Sir John," said the worthy knight, turning to the domestic chaplain——

But before proceeding with the conversation, let me enlighten my readers as to the characters who figure in this brief tale.

Sir Solomon Simple, as I have said, was a knight, and a "justice of peace and *coram*, aye, and *custodiorum* and *ratolorum* too," as Shakspeare has it. He was now about sixty years old—hearty and hale; somewhat of a humourist, but well-meaning in the main, and tenderly attached to his nephew, and his only child Lucy; so named after her mother, whom she closely resembled, and for whose memory Sir Solomon entertained the tenderest regard.

Lucy was beautiful, gentle, young, and frolicsome; and as she was the heiress of her father's large possessions, she had, of course, many suitors. One of these,—who had received the approbation of Sir Solomon, was, at the period when my tale commences, on a visit at the mansion. He was young; of a goodly personage and wealthy withal; had served under Lord Essex, in Ireland and in Flanders; and, on the sudden death of his father and elder brother, he settled on his estate,

which adjoined Sir Solomon's; and forthwith began to woo Sir Solomon's acres, in the person of his daughter Lucy.

Edward Fenton was the name of the squire; but whether he was any descendant of that Edward Fenton whom Shakespeare celebrated, and whose true affection for "sweet Anne Page" was brought to so marvellously happy a conclusion, history saith not.

Sir John Turntext (all priests were at this period styled "Sir"), the chaplain, was the constant companion of Sir Solomon. He ate with him—walked with him—hunted with him; in short, did everything but sleep with him. In appearance, he was rather superior to the country clergyman of that day; but in acquirements, pretty much upon a level with his brethren. Nevertheless, he was a well-meaning man; who, though humouring his patron in some things, contrary both to law and gospel, yet, in the main, lived up to the creed he professed; and was a very favourable sample of a parish priest in the days of Elizabeth; when the order had fallen into "general contempt," and "small consideration;" a circumstance well accounted for by the historian, who tells us, that the patrons bestowed "advowsons of benefices upon their bakers, butlers, cookes, good archers, falconers, and housekeepers; instead of other recompense for their long and faithful service."

Frank Wellborn, the nephew of our knight, was a youth who had seen some twenty summers. He had excellent parts, and a good disposition; but his spirits frequently ran away with his judgment, and led him into excesses, which, when they came to the ear of his uncle, occasioned the latter to fret and to fume, to scold and to threaten; but when he looked in Frank's face, his passion generally ended with an exhortation to the young scapegrace to "be a steady lad, and not to run riot about the town, like the graceless varlets who imitated the frolics of Falstaff and his wild companions."

Such were the principal personages of Sir Solomon's family. His only surviving sister, an ancient maiden, older than himself, resided with him. She was a good-tempered, garrulous old dame, who busied herself still about the affairs of the house; and in her high-crowned cap, boddice, and mantua, looked as I have seen her represented in a family picture, not much unlike my hostess Quickly, as dressed in the usual stage costume.

It is now time to return to the colloquy with which my story commenced. The Knight and his family, with the addition of Edward Fenton, were seated, after dinner, in the "winter parlour;" a "faire and goodly room," lined with oak, the furniture being, for the most part, of the same material. The Knight sat in a high-backed chair, curiously carved; his favourite greyhound couched at his feet, and a cup of burnt sack at his elbow. The chaplain and his sister also occupied chairs; whilst the three younger individuals were seated on stools—a species of seat then more in use than at present.

"Why, Sir John," said the Knight, addressing his chaplain, "We shall soon want the aid of thy office, man. But, nephew, who is she?—for I'll be bound you are in love."

"Right, uncle—I am in love." And Frank sighed pretty audibly.

"Well, and what do you sigh for? It is no crime to be in love, and you are old enough to marry. But out with the name, lad."

"One, my equal in birth, but far above me in fortune. A peerless maid, than whom the sun ne'er shone upon a fairer; nor did true knight ever peril himself for one more amiable."

"I feel inclined to deny that," said young Fenton. "As a true knight, I must assert the palm of beauty and of virtue for my own love—my pretty Lucy, here!"—and he turned round, expecting to receive an encouraging smile for his gallantry; but the damsel had left the room.

"I have no quarrel with you on that score, Edward Fenton. No woman can exceed my cousin Lucy, in my estimation;"—and again the youth sighed.

"Your equal in birth, but above you in fortune! Why, I'll be hanged if it is not Isabella, the daughter of that crabbed old fellow, our neighbour, John Fortescue. Why, man, run away with her."

"Would that be honorable, uncle?"

"Any thing is honorable in love, as in war, which leads to the possession of thy mistress, boy. Why, bring her here, and I'll give her away myself. Sir John shall perform the ceremony, Edward shall be the groom's-man, and Lucy the bride's-maid."

"But her father's anger!"

"Tush! who minds that? Why, he'll fret and foam, and forbid you his house;—but he must die, and he can't carry his land away with him; and Isabella must have it all then. It is a good plan,—by the Lord! we'll about it instantly."

"And my marriage with Lucy can take place at the same time," said Fenton.

"Why no, lad, no; there are various papers yet to be executed, which I intend to see signed, before that ceremony is performed."

Frank made some demur to the wishes of his uncle; but the latter was, as most old gentlemen are, very obstinate when he once took a thing into his head; he over-ruled every objection, silenced all scruples; and it was finally settled, that at ten of the clock on the morrow, Frank, with his lady-love, should meet the knight and the priest in the chapel, and that the ceremony should be there and then performed.

In front of the altar stood the chaplain, arrayed in his surplice; whilst on one side were arranged Sir Solomon, Miss Fortescue, and Lucy; on the other, Frank and Edward Fenton. The gallants were dressed in their best, and in their silken doublets and hose. The females were

habited both alike, in white frocks and green hoods, which they drew so closely over their faces, that not a feature was discernible. They both seemed agitated, Miss Fortescue in particular. The bride repeated the responses in a low and indistinct tone: and when Wellborn approached, to place the ring upon her finger, she trembled so excessively that he feared she would have sunk to the ground. She then rallied her spirits, and appeared more collected during the remainder of the ceremony; at the conclusion of which, Sir Solomon was advancing, to claim the usual tribute of a salute, when she sunk exhausted on Frank's shoulder; and he led her with rapidity from the chapel to the chamber of Lucy: the bride's-maid following the newly-married couple in such haste, that Fenton had no opportunity of availing himself of his privilege as the bridegroom's attendant; a privilege which was more urgently enforced in those days of comparative rudeness, than in the present era of civilization and refinement.

"Why, zounds!" said the old Baronet, "the birds are flown, Fenton. We are choused, man—clearly choused. Come, let us give chase;—let us follow, and see where these skittish little damsels will lead us."

They did follow; and in the hall met Frank, with his newly-wedded bride and the bride's-maid, returning from the chamber of Lucy.

"You are soon recovered, I think, Miss Isabella,—Mrs. Wellborn—I beg your pardon. But we are not thus to be defrauded of our rights. Come, honey—with this kiss, I wish you health and prosperity! Wellborn will make you a good husband; and I doubt not but you will make him a good wife."

"I will try, Sir!" was the modest response.

The Knight and Fenton, having saluted the bride and her attendants, the former demanded where they were going.

"Home, with Isabella," was Frank's reply. "We must not tell

her father yet; and her longer absence might excite suspicion."

"Right, boy, right. God bless you, Frank! I shall not forget a marriage portion. Good bye!"

"Fare you well, uncle. Fenton, good morning."

The ladies dropped their courtesies; and the party took their departure for the mansion of John Fortescue: Sir Solomon chuckling, and rubbing his hands, exclaimed, as the porter closed the gate after them—"Come, that younker's fairly settled, at all events. And now, Fenton, let us home to dinner."

The reconciliation, of Isabel with her father, it was settled, should be effected by the intervention of Sir Solomon; and as the old gentleman thought that good eating and good drinking were the most potent auxiliaries in promoting good-humour, he laid his plans accordingly. The festival of Christmas was approaching, when, from time immemorial, it had been the custom in England to hold high holiday.

At the mansion of Sir Solomon Simple, ample preparations were always made, to observe this feast with all its ancient ceremonies. Yule blocks were provided—wassail bowls prepared—the huge boar was killed; and whilst his head was set apart for one dish, a famous collar of brawn was made for another. The "stately pie" was not forgotten; and a peacock of large size being killed, plucked, except its tail, and covered with a fine paste, made a noble spectacle, when placed on the middle of the table; the beautiful plumage of the tail spread out, and overshadowing the surrounding dishes. Most of the worthy Knight's friends and acquaintances were, upon this occasion, regularly invited to his hospitable board; amongst them, John Fortescue and his daughter were always included: and the old man was glad to avail himself of an invitation, that saved him the trouble and expense of feasting his friends at home.

The present Christmas-day was anxiously expected by more persons than one; and its arrival witnessed by several with no ordinary emotion. I shall not pretend to describe the good cheer which was provided, nor undertake to set forth the order of the company; it will be quite sufficient for my readers to know, that Fenton, with John Fortescue and daughter, were among the guests; and that the usual substantial ingredients of a Christmas-feast were found there in abundance.

Dinner over, the wassail bowl was sent gaily round; and whilst the rude carols so popular at that period, were merrily sung, even the iron countenance of old Fortescue appeared to be softened.

"Zounds, neighbour!" said Sir Solomon, "we want nothing but a wedding, to make our mirth complete."

"A wedding—humph!" replied Fortescue, in a tone in which it was very doubtful whether he did not mean to convey the idea that a wedding would have rather detracted from, than added to, their mirth.

"Aye, a wedding!" continued Sir Solomon. "I did at one time, hope that Lucy and Fenton would have become man and wife on this day; however, there were settlements to make, and writings to draw up, and parchments to engross—and lawyers are so plaguy slow—"

"Quick enough—quick enough!" muttered Fortescue, "in making fast a bad bargain."

"But what would you say, friend Fortescue, if there was a bride—a young one too—now present amongst us?"

The ladies all tittered; and each looked at her neighbour, as much as to say, "Is it you who have stolen a march upon us?" No one spoke, however, but Fortescue, who replied—"Humph! a bride! I wish she mayn't repent before the week's out."

"She'll not do that, I think. Aye, Isabella?"

"Oh, no, sir! nor yet—if I guess aright at the lady—to the end of her life."

"Come, that's a bold assurance, however, fair one ! It was a run-away match ; and sometimes they verify the old proverb of "Marry in haste, and repent at leisure." But that will not be the case at this time ; particularly if the father of the damsel does not prove hard-hearted, and mar the happiness of the young couple."

"He's a fool if he forgives them !" muttered Fortescue.

"Nay, nay, not so, neither," returned Sir Solomon. "What can't be cured, you know, must be endured ; and——"

"If it was *your* son, what would you do ?" interrogated Fortescue, interrupting him.

"Do ? why, I would say, I wished my child might be happy in her own way, if she would not be happy in mine : and I would take my son-in-law by the hand, and say, you have stolen a march upon me, lad ; but I forgive you. Why, man, I could never bear enmity long in my life."

"Humph !—Good nature is near a-kin to folly."

Sir Solomon seemed not to hear this not very courteous retort ; and he resumed :—

"Come, my lads and lasses, fill your goblets to the brim ; and I'll give you, 'Francis Wellborn and his young bride—health and prosperity to them !' "

In an instant all were upon their feet, to pledge the toast, excepting Wellborn and Lucy, who sat, fixed as statues—she with cheeks suffused with blushes, and eyes cast to the ground ; he with a look of anxious and eager expectation.

Sir Solomon had emptied his glass, before he perceived that his daughter remained motionless at the table. "Why, Lucy, girl !" said the old man, "won't you pledge your cousin and his bride ?"

"*SHE* is my bride !" exclaimed Wellborn, taking her hand, and kneeling at the feet of the Knight. "Father, give us your blessing ! Let us be happy in our own way, if we

cannot be happy in your's ; and say you forgive me !"

The astonishment Sir Solomon felt at this declaration was great. He was some minutes before he recovered the use of his speech : at length he exclaimed, in a tone half serious, half in jest—

"Lucy your bride ! Nay, nay, Frank—that is carrying the joke too far. Why, man, I myself saw you married to Isabella Fortescue."

"To whom ?" thundered old Fortescue, striking the table with such violence, that it made every thing upon it rattle. But before Sir Solomon could reply, Wellborn said—

"You saw me married, and you gave away the bride ; but it was your daughter Lucy, and not Isabella Fortescue, whom you gave to me."

"By rook and pye, but I am fairly caught in my own trap ! You hussy, you, you have disappointed one of my fond hopes—that of seeing the property of the Simples and the Fenton's united in one : it would have been the fairest estate in the county. But no matter, I will not run from my word. Child, you shall be happy in your own way, if you will not in mine. Son-in-law and nephew, you have stolen a march upon me, but I forgive you. Give me your hands. God bless you both !"

This was said with so much affectionate fervour, that it affected Lucy far more than harshness would have done. She threw herself into her father's arms—she wept on his bosom.

Wellborn wrung his uncle's hand ; and felt that he would resign life—nay, almost give up Lucy herself, to make his generous relative happy.

All parties, save Fenton, were satisfied with the *denouement*. He muttered something about broken promises and violated vows ; but a look from Wellborn awed him into silence. He soon left the hall ; and tradition says, forgot his disappointment, and married Isabella Fortescue, living in good fellowship with Wellborn and his wife.

ANECDOTE OF A STORK.

HOW far a rational principle, mutual affection, and comparison of ideas, may be ascribed to animals, I will not at present determine; but I assure you that the following adventure of a tame stork, some years ago, in the university of Tübingen, is literally true.

This bird lived quietly in the courtyard, till Count Victor-Gravenitz, then a student there, shot with ball at a stork's nest adjacent to the college, and probably wounded the stork then in it, as it was observed for some weeks not to stir out of the nest. This happened in autumn, when foreign storks begin their periodical emigrations. In the ensuing spring a stork was observed on the roof of the college, and by its incessant chattering, gave the tame stork, walking below in the area, to understand that it would be glad of its company. But this was a thing impracticable, on account of its wings being clipped; which induced the stranger with the utmost precaution first to come down to the upper gallery—the next day something lower—and at last, after a great deal of ceremony, quite into the court. The tame stork, which was conscious of no harm, went to meet him with a soft cheerful note, and a sincere intention of giving him a friendly reception; when, to his great surprise, the other fell upon him with the utmost fury. The spectators present, for that time, drove away the foreign stork; but this was so far from intimidating him, that he came again the next day to the charge; and during the whole summer continual skirmishes were interchanged between them. Mr. G. R. and F. had given orders that the tame stork should not be assisted, as having only a single antagonist to encounter; and by being thus obliged to shift for herself, he came to stand better on his guard, and made such a gallant defence, that at the end of the campaign the stranger had no great advantage to boast of.

But next spring, instead of a single stork, came four, which, without any of the foregoing ceremonies, alighted at once in the college area, and directly attacked the tame stork; which indeed, in the view of several spectators standing in the galleries, performed feats even above human valour, if I may use that expression, defending himself by the arms nature had given him, with the utmost bravery; till at length, being overpowered by superior numbers, his strength and courage began to fail; when very unexpectedly auxiliaries came in to his assistance. All the turkeys, ducks, geese, and the rest of the fowls that were brought up in the court, to which, undoubtedly, this gentle stork's mild and friendly behaviour had endeared him, without the least dread of the danger, formed a kind of rampart round him, under the shelter of which he might make an honourable retreat from so unequal an encounter. And even a peacock, which before never could live in friendship with him, on this emergency took the part of oppressed innocence, and was, if not a true-bottomed friend, at least a favourable judge on the stork's side.

Upon this, a stricter watch was kept against such traitorous incursions of the enemy, and a stop put to more bloodshed; till at last, about the beginning of the third spring, above twenty storks suddenly alighted in the court with the greatest fury; and before the poor stork's faithful lifeguards could form themselves, or any of the people come in to his assistance, they deprived him of life; though by exerting his usual gallantry they paid dear for the purchase. The malevolence of these strangers against this innocent creature could proceed from no other motive than the shot fired by Count Victor from the college; which they doubtless suspected was done by the instigation of the tame stork.

Keyser's Travels, 1738.

VARIETIES.

THE PRESENT STATE OF DUTCH PAINTERS.

THE Dutch painters of the present day differ very materially from the English, not only in their method of manufacturing pictures, but also in their personal appearance. The following is an extract from the private journal of a friend, who has recently been in Holland.

"You would be rather surprised on first entering a painting-room here. Your eye is struck with the appearance of a dozen slovenly attired fellows, who are variously engaged, some in beginning pictures, some in finishing, &c. The window, which is remarkably large, and situated so as to command a good prospect from without, admits light sufficient to illuminate the room, or rather *shop*, which shop is at least fifteen feet long. Casting your eye up towards the ceiling, which is equally lofty with the length of the apartment, you are somewhat at a loss to account for a vast quantity of beams, cordage, pulleys, and canvasses, all appearing to have their several uses, and all kept in regular order by a man for that purpose. The canvasses, in truth, are no other than finished pictures, which have been drawn up by the pulleys to the beams, for the purpose of drying, &c. The Dutch do not, as the English do, paint one picture on one cloth; no, they have a much more expeditious method. A large piece of canvass is procured, on which the artist commences his labour, and, in a progressive manner, begins and finishes sometimes a dozen pictures at once. In a kind of *boudoir*, an attendant is employed continually in grinding colours, &c. For my own part, I own I was much amused with the great variety which this curious *coup d'œil* presented; but I could not remain long, for the painters, even while they were at work, smoked continually. The Dutch, it should be ob-

served, carry on a considerable traffic in pictures with the Chinese and other eastern nations."

GLORY.

During the war in the Peninsula, two British soldiers were regaling themselves after a long fast, on a crust of mouldy bread. "This is but sorry fare, Tom," observed one of them, "especially after the hardships and dangers we have suffered." "What do you mean by sorry fare?" exclaimed his comrade, with philosophical composure, at the same time holding up a piece of the mouldy bread; "this is what the good people in England, who sit down to a comfortable hot dinner every day, call military *glory*!"

AUSTRALIAN IMPORTUNITY.

As beggars, the whole world will not produce their match. They do not attempt to *coax* you, but rely on incessant importunity; following you, side by side, from street to street, as constant as your shadow, pealing in your ears the never-ceasing sound of "Massa, gim me a dum! massa, gim me a dum!" (dump). If you have the fortitude to resist *firmly*, on two or three assaults, you may enjoy ever after a life of immunity; but by once *complying*, you entail yourself a plague which you will not readily throw off, every gift only serving to embolden them in making subsequent demands, and with still greater perseverance. Neither are their wishes moderately gratified on this head—less than a dump (fifteen pence) seldom proving satisfactory. When walking out one morning, I accidentally met a young scion of our black tribes, on turning the corner of the house, who saluted me with "Good morning, sir, good morning;" to which I in like manner responded, and was proceeding onwards, when my dingy acquaintance arrested my attention by his

loud vociferation of "Top, sir, I want to peak to you." "Well, what is it?" said I. "Why, you know, I am your *servant*, and you have never paid me yet." "The devil you are!" responded I; "it is the first time I knew of it, for I do not recollect ever seeing your face before." "Oh yes, I am your servant," replied he, very resolutely; "dunt I top about Massa —'s, and boil the kettle sometimes for you in the morning?" I forthwith put my hand in my pocket, and gave him all the halfpence I had, which I left him carefully counting, and proceeded on my walk; but before advancing a quarter of a mile, my ears were again assailed with loud shouts of "Hallo! top, top!" I turned round, and observed my friend in "the dark suit" beckoning with his hand, and walking very leisurely toward me. Thinking he was dispatched with some message, I halted, but as he walked on as slowly as if deeming I ought rather to go to him than he come to me, I forthwith returned to meet him; but on reaching close enough, what was my astonishment on his holding out the halfpence in his open hand, and addressing me in a loud, grumbling, demanding tone with—"Why this is not enough to buy a loaf! you must give me more." "Then buy *half* a loaf," said I, wheeling about and resuming my walk, not without a good many hard epithets in return from my kettle-boiler.—*P. Cunningham's Two Years in New South Wales.*

"THE OLD MANOR HOUSE."

The following circumstances respecting the foundation upon which Charlotte Smith built her popular novel, "The Old Manor House," may probably prove interesting to the public. Near Woodcot, where Mrs. Smith resided at the time she commenced her novel, was a very old house and domain called Brookwood, in which resided some Misses Venables, elderly maiden ladies, whom our authoress visited; and her acquaintance with them and their

abode, gave her the idea of her romance. They kept an old house-keeper,—one whom we may presume was quite in *keeping* with the house,—whose niece or daughter was per favour allowed to reside with her at Brookwood. This girl, I need scarcely say, was the Monimia of the novel, nor was her Orlando a feigned character, although a highly ornamented one; in truth, alas! for the shadowy beauty of romance, alas! for the spell of gorgeous poesy, he was not more made for a hero than was Dulcinea del Toboso for a heroine, being *the young butcher of the village*!! "Often and often," said the intelligent friend who favoured me with the account, "has he supplied our family with meat when we resided at Brookwood, and the beautiful Monimia, his wife, is only slightly disfigured by an interesting *squint*." The same friend, who had frequently rambled over the house, part of which is now pulled down, spoke of it thus: "It was what I term an ancient *Vandyked* building, in toto an old manor-house; the exterior had a castellated appearance, nor had the interior much less, with its dim vasty apartments, sliding pannels for the secretion of treasure, and secret passages; in one of the chambers is a closet, wherein part of the boarding of the floor is made to slide, and when moved, reveals a kind of vault, the descent down which is by a long narrow flight of steps; use is made of this, I think, in "The Old Manor House," but some friends of mine who went down discovered nothing but a gloomy kind of den, not capable of containing more than six persons standing, and nearly filled with *oyster-shells*. Do you recollect," continued my friend, "in which of Charlotte Smith's novels it is that she describes an eccentric old gentleman manuring his ground with *wigs*? because the fact is, it *really* was done by such a one at Brookwood."

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

When Macduff, the thane of Fife, fled from the court of the tyrannical

usurper, Macbeth, he concealed himself for some time in a sea-beaten cave, which extends, for a considerable length, beneath some very singularly formed rocks, on the northern shore of the Frith of Forth, about six miles from Anstruther, the scene of Tennant's poem of "Anster Fair." This cave is very difficult of access; indeed, the whole appearance of these romantic rocks may be said to be truly grand and sublime. A fugitive could not choose a better situation for concealment. It is now called, in memory of that event, "Macduff's Cave." There he was supplied with food, which was lowered down to him with a rope, by some humane and faithful fishermen, who afterwards contrived to convey him undiscovered to the opposite shore, from whence he fled into England, and joined Malcolm, the son of Duncan, the sovereign who had been murdered by the ambitious Macbeth. From that circumstance the town has ever since borne the name of "Earl's Ferry." Shortly after the usurper was killed in battle by Macduff, at Dunsinane, and Malcolm, the rightful heir, was restored to the Scottish throne. The new king, in consideration of the loyalty of the "guid toon of Earl's Ferry," granted its inhabitants the privilege of returning two members to the Scottish parliament. This franchise they enjoyed for a considerable time; but as the honest electors in "olden times," instead of being paid for their "voices," were obliged to pay their representatives,* the poor, but upright freeholders of Earl's Ferry found it would be to their interest to have the burthen of their franchise taken off their shoulders altogether; in fact, they were of opinion, that the giving of the enormous sum of two shillings and eight-pence per day for the honour of having the Ferry ranked among the royal burghs of Scotland, was "paying too dear for their whistle." They, therefore, presented a petition to the

Scottish monarch, humbly praying that he would be *graciously pleased to disfranchise their burgh*, and annul the very expensive privilege that had been conferred upon their ancestors. As a *flattering mark of their sovereign's favour*, their request was complied with, and Earl's Ferry has, consequently, continued nothing more than a mere fishing village.

BILL OF FARE AT AN ANCIENT INSTALMENT.

The following is a true copy of the original lodged in the Tower of London:—

George Nevil, brother to the great Earl of Warwick, at his instalment into his archbishopric of York, in the year 1470, made a feast for the nobility, gentry, and clergy, wherein he spent

300 quarters of	500 partridges
wheat	4000 woodcocks.
300 ton of ale	400 plovers
104 ton of wine	100 carlews
1 pipe of	100 quails
spic'd w.	1000 eggets
80 fat oxen	200 rees
6 wild bulls	4000 bucks and
300 pigs	does, and roe-
1004 wethers	bucks
300 hogs	155 hot venison
300 calves	pasties
3000 geese	1000 dishes of jel-
3000 capons	lies
100 peacocks	4000 cold venison
200 cranes	past
200 kids	2000 hot custards
2000 chickens	4000 ditto cold
4000 pigeons	400 tarts
4000 rabbits	300 pikes
204 bitterns	300 breams
4000 ducks	8 seals
400 hernsies	4 porpuses
200 pheasants	

At this feast the Earl of Warwick was steward; the Earl of Bedford treasurer; the Lord Hastings comptroller, with many noble officers servants. 1000 cooks. 62 kitcheners. 515 scullions.

* Each member was then paid one shilling and four-pence *per diem*, as a remuneration for his attendance and trouble during the sitting of parliament.

BEHAVE yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
And dinna be sae rude to me,
As kiss me sae before folk.

It wadna gie me meikle pain,
Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane;
But, gudesake! so before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Whate'er you do, when out of view,
Be cautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
And what a great affair they'll mak'
O' naething but a simple smack,
That's gien or taen before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Nor gie the tongue o' old or young
Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss,
That I sae plainly tell you this,
But, loosh! I take it quair amies
To be sae teased before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
When we're our last ye may tak' ane,
But fient a ane before folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
As ony modest lass should be;
But yet it doesna do to see
Sic freedom used before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
I'll ne'er submit again to it—
So mind you that—before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair;
It may be sae—I dinna care—
But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
As ye hae done before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
But aye be douce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet,
Sic tales, I doubt, are a' decoit;
At ony rate, it's hardly meet
To pric their sweets before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Gin that's the case, there's time and place,
But surely no before folk.

But, gin ye really do insist
That I should suffer to be kiss'd,
Gae, get a license from the priest,
And mak' me yours before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
And when we're ane, baith flesh and bane,
Ye may tak' ten—before folk.

NORFOLK PUNCH. NO. I.

In twenty quarts of French brandy
put the peels of thirty lemons and
thirty oranges, pared so thin that not

the least of the white is left; infuse
twelve hours. Have ready thirty
quarts of cold water that has been
boiled; put to it fifteen pounds of
double-refined sugar; and when well
mixed, pour it upon the brandy and
peels, adding the juice of the oranges
and of twenty-four lemons; mix well.
Then strain, through a fine hair-
sieve, into a very clean barrel that
has held spirits, and put two quarts
of new milk. Stir, and then bung it
close; let it stand six weeks in a
warm cellar; bottle the liquor for
use, taking great care that the bottles
are perfectly clean and dry, and the
corks of the best quality and well
put in. This liquor will keep many
years, and improves by age.

NORFOLK PUNCH. NO. II.

Pare six lemons and three Seville
oranges very thin; squeeze the juice
into a large jar; put to it two quarts
of brandy, one of white wine, and
one of milk, and one pound and a
quarter of sugar. Let it be mixed,
and then covered for twenty-four
hours. Strain through a jelly-bag
till clear, then bottle it.

THE WATCH.

To happy Childhood's artless ears,
The Watch is but a noisy toy;—
Reckless how moments glide to years
They note their flight with eager joy.

But Age will mark with many a sigh
How Time steals on through life's brief day,
And learn how winged minutes fly
To bear our youthful hopes away.

GENERAL WOLFE.

The minds of some men are so
elevated above the common under-
standing of their fellow-creatures,
that they are by many charged with
enthusiasm, and even with madness.
When George II. was once express-
ing his admiration of Wolfe, some
one observed that the general was
mad. "Oh! he is mad, is he?"
said the king with great quickness;
"then I wish he would bite some
other of my generals."